

DISCOVER THE HORROR-MOOD IN THIS
...almighty EVIL issue...

PSYCHO

600



47357

NO 10
JANUARY 1973

A SKYWALK HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION



help me...help me!
cries the evil

SUICIDE WEREWOLF



PABLO
MARCO

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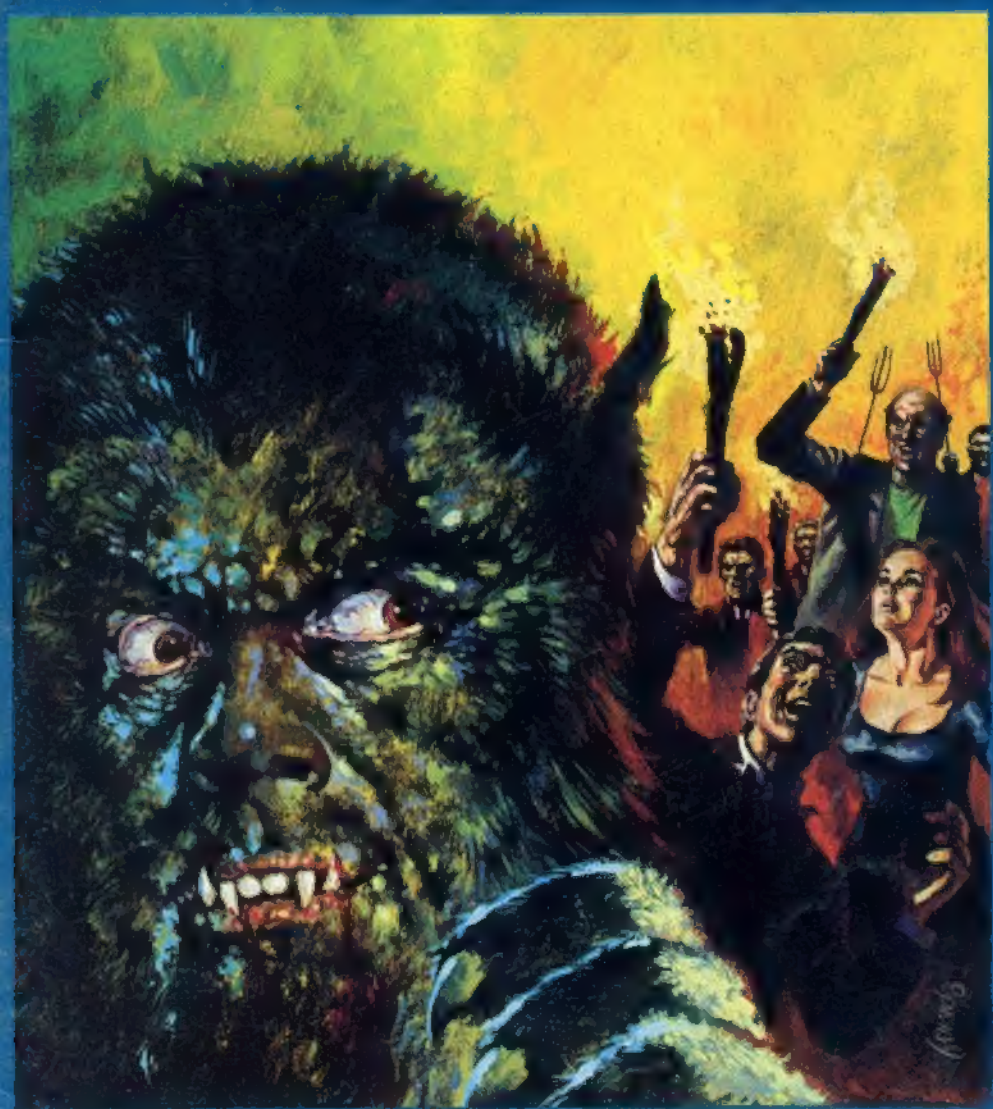
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NUMBER 10

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...THIS... IS THE **ALMIGHTY EVIL ISSUE** OF
PSYCHO... WHEREIN UNMITIGATED HORRORS
CLUTCH TOGETHER AND READY THEMSELVES
TO LEAP OUT AT YOUR LUNATIC-EMOTIONAL
HORROR MOOD...

4... OUR COVER STORY #1 ... **THE SUICIDE
WEREWOLF**... "...CONFESS CORRUPT F...**CONFESS**..."
16... **THE LEGEND OF THE MAN-MACABRE** ...
"WHY CAN'T I FIND A SUITABLE VICTIM?..."
25... **PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK OF
PICKLED CORPSES**... "ASH PGH 22, HSH 12H TOOTY 2..."
31... **THE LEGEND OF AN 18th CENTURY
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THE WIND BLOWS PERPETUALLY WITHIN BUT
NOT WITHOUT..."
34 AND 35... **THIS IS THE SLITHER SLIME PAGE**...
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36... **THE HEAP RETURNS**... **EVEN A HEAP CAN DIE**...
45... **THE TRANSPLANT**... "GRINDING TISSUE
AND BONE TO ELDRITCH DECAY..."
52 AND 53... **SCREAM SCREEN LEERINGLY
LOOKS AT THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER:**
KARLOFF...
56... OUR COVER STORY #2 **TIGHTROPE
TO NOWHERE**... "...BUT I HAVE NO ACID..."
65... **FRANKENSTEIN**... SKYWALD RE-WITES
THE GREAT HORROR MOVIES... SATIRICALLY...
3RD COVER... **DRACULA**... "...I AM DRACULA..."
4th COVER... **IT**... "...AS I WATCHED, A SLIME
COVERED KIND OF INHUMAN TENTACLE
SLITHERED UP AND OUT AND GROPED
ABOUT NEAR MY FEET..."

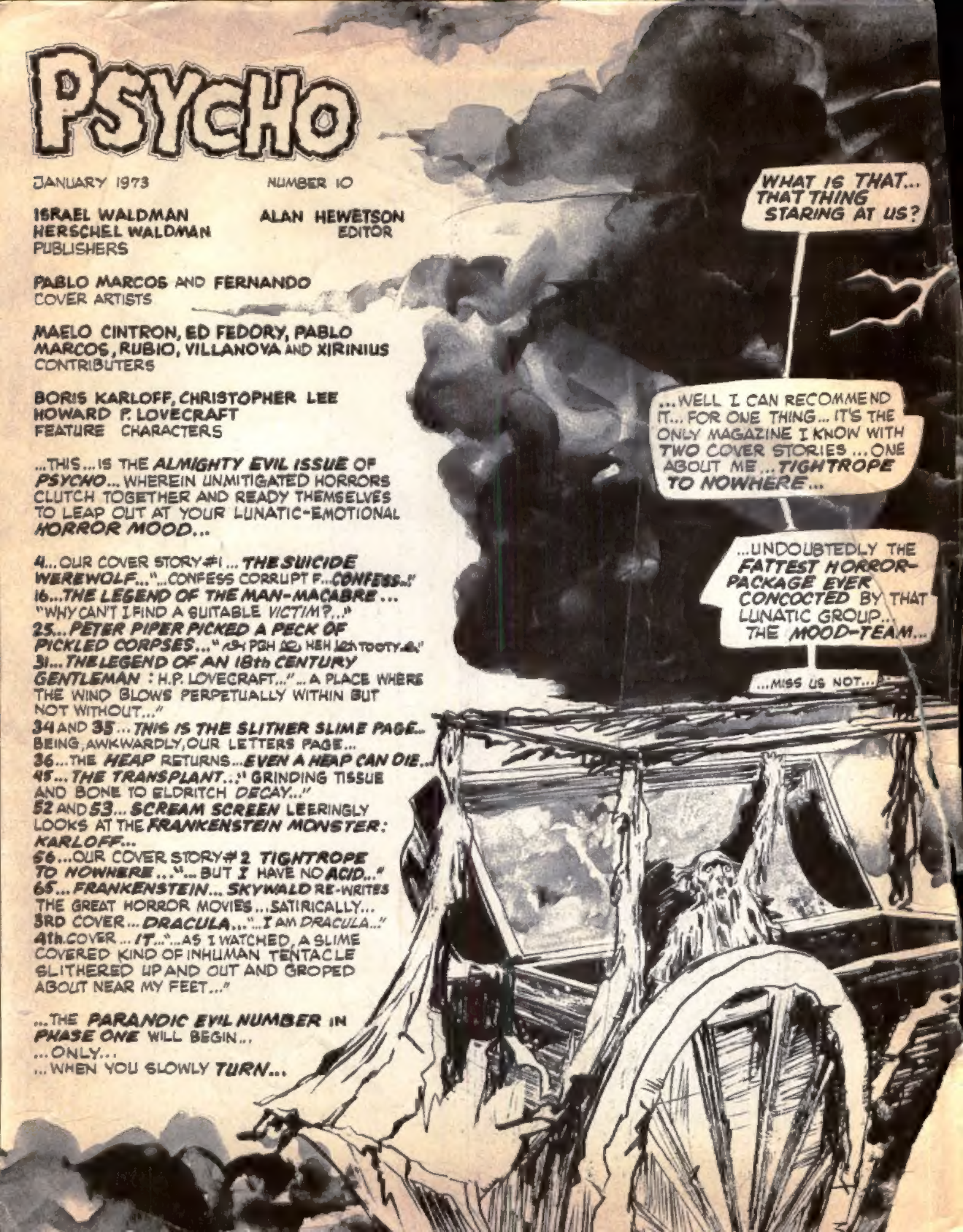
...THE **PARANOID EVIL NUMBER** IN
PHASE ONE WILL BEGIN...
...ONLY...
...WHEN YOU SLOWLY **TURN**...


WHAT IS THAT...
THAT THING
STARING AT US?

...WELL I CAN RECOMMEND
IT... FOR ONE THING... IT'S THE
ONLY MAGAZINE I KNOW WITH
TWO COVER STORIES ... ONE
ABOUT ME... **TIGHTROPE
TO NOWHERE**...

...UNDOUBTEDLY THE
**FATTEST HORROR-
PACKAGE EVER**
CONCOCTED BY THAT
LUNATIC GROUP...
THE MOOD-TEAM...

...MISS US NOT...





...A **READER**... AT THE
BEST OF TIMES THEY ARE...
HIDEOUS... AT THE WORST
OF TIMES **GROTESQUE**...
AT THE MOMENT THE
PERSON... UGH... THING...
IS IN A STATE OF **TORMENT**.
WONDERING WHETHER TO
PURCHASE... TO PERUSE...
OR TO MERELY **PEEK** AT THIS
almighty **EVIL** issue of **PSYCHO**...

...AND THE OTHER ABOUT **ME... THE**
SUICIDE WEREWOLF... BUT LET US
ALSO MENTION A LEERING LOOK AT
FRANKENSTEIN AND A THING
CALLED **IT**... AND THE RETURN
OF THE **HEAP**...

PABLO
MARCO

CONFESS!

...**NO!**... I HAVE
NOTHING TO
CONFESS...



CONFESS CORRUPT F. CONFESS!

I HAVE **NOTHING**
TO CONFESS **TO**...
DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND?



YOU ARE A WEREWOLF...
YOU HAVE **KILLED**...
YOU HAVE MAIMED... YOU
HAVE BRUTALLY **BUTCHERED**...
HUMAN LIFE CORRUPT F...
CONFESS TO YOUR
CRIMES...

I HAVE
NOTHING
TO CONFESS...



YOU REALIZE
YOU WILL BE
TORTURED UNTIL
YOU CONFESS
CORRUPT F...
SAVE YOURSELF...

THAT'S NOT
FAIR... YOU
HAVE NO
RIGHT...

...SAVE YOURSELF...
UNCOUNTED... AGONIES...

--NO--
I WILL
NOT
CONFESS!

--CONFESS
CORRUPT F.--
CONFESS YOU
HAVE KILLED...
CONFESS YOU
ARE A WEREWOLF...
CONFESS...
CONFESS...
CONFESS...

OH GOD
HELP ME...
HELP ME...

PABLO
MARCOS

THIS TALE TAKES YOU **BEYOND** NORMAL
BOUNDARIES... IT DOES NOT LIMIT THE IMAGINATION...
IT IS A TALE THAT TO **ANTICIPATE** YOU MUST STUDY
CLOSELY-- FOR THIS 'SCENE' IS NOT AS IT 'SEEMS'...
AS THE MAN CALLED **CORRUPT F** SCREAMS OUT
HIS LUNGS CRYING: **HELP ME! HELP ME!**

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

THE SUICIDE WEREWOLF

HEWETSON AND MARCOS



GET ME OUT--
GET ME OUT

DO YOU
CONFESS?



NO



I HAVE
NOTHING
TO CONFESS
DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND?

...DO YOU
KNOW WHAT
A RACK IS?..



...A
RACK?...

THE RACK IS ONE OF THE
MOST EVIL INSTRUMENTS
OF TORTURE EVER DEvised..

..IF YOU DO NOT
CONFESS YOU
WILL HAVE TO
SUFFER
UNNAMEABLE
AGONIES...DO
YOU NOW
CONFESS?

I HAVE
NOTHING TO
CONFESS!

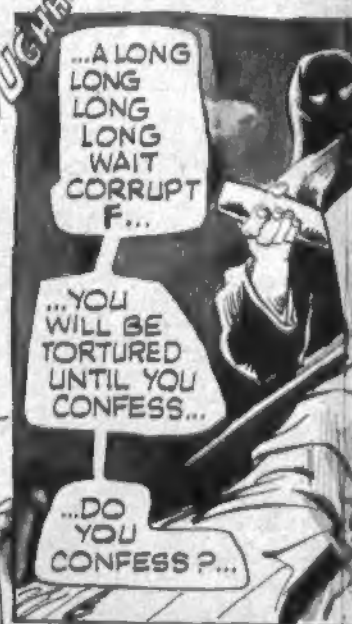
CONFESS CORRUPT F...!
YOU ARE A WEREWOLF!



EEEE GODD GODAAAHHH



THEN YOU HAVE
A LONG WAIT!



...A LONG
LONG
LONG
LONG
WAIT
CORRUPT
F...

...YOU
WILL BE
TORTURED
UNTIL YOU
CONFESS...

...DO
YOU
CONFESS?...



...THEN LET YOUR
HORROR BE
COMPOUNDED...



GET ME OUT--
GET ME OUT
FOR GOD'S
SAKE!

...YOU WILL
GO FROM
ONE TORTURE
TO ANOTHER
TILL YOU
CONFESS...



GOD
NO

GOD
YES

DO YOU
CONFESS?

NO



NO

...OH
GOD...

NO!

...LET ME DIE!
LET ME DIE



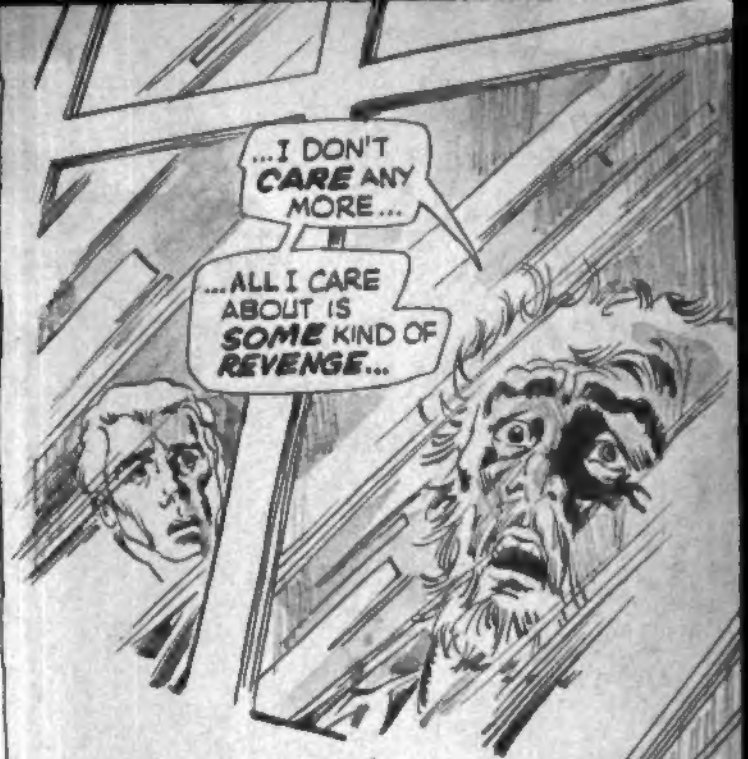
DO YOU
WANT TO DIE?
THEN CONFESS!!

NO--
THAT IS NOT
FAIR!

WHAT IS **FAIR** AND
WHAT IS **NOT** IS HARDLY
YOUR CONCERN AT
THE MOMENT **CORRUPT F**,
ALIAS: **THE WEREWOLF
MURDEROR**! CONFESS
AND WE WILL PERMIT
YOUR DEATH...

NO!!







NEW YORK!!

...THIS MAKES NO SENSE *EITHER*...
I'M FROM THE COAST...
UPPER NEW ENGLAND...
WHAT AM I DOING IN *NEW YORK*?



HERE CHILD...

...AAAAAUUUUHHH...

MY GOD



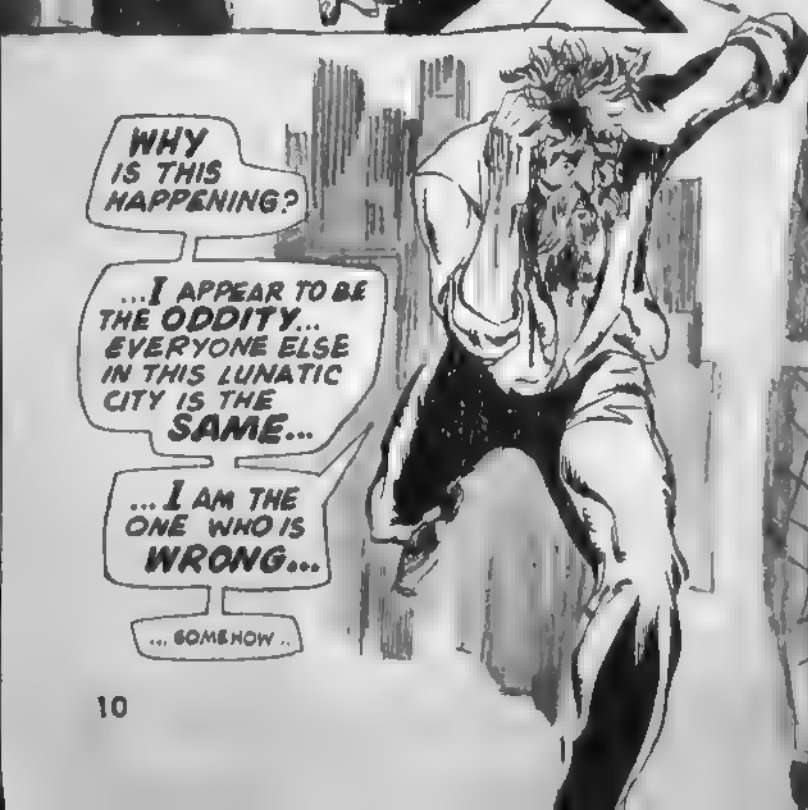
...OH MY GOD...

POLICE! POLICE!

...SOMEONE COME...
SOMEONE HELP ME...

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

...THE CHILD IS THE SAME AS THE MAN IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER...
...THE SAME... HER ARM IS **NOT REAL**...



WHY IS THIS HAPPENING?

...I APPEAR TO BE THE **ODDITY**...
EVERYONE ELSE IN THIS LUNATIC CITY IS THE **SAME**...

...I AM THE ONE WHO IS **WRONG**...

...SOMEHOW...



...A **SUBWAY**...

...IN THERE ARE **COUNTLESS PEOPLE**... NOW I WILL KNOW FOR *sure* WHO IS THE ONE SOMEHOW AT **FAULT**...

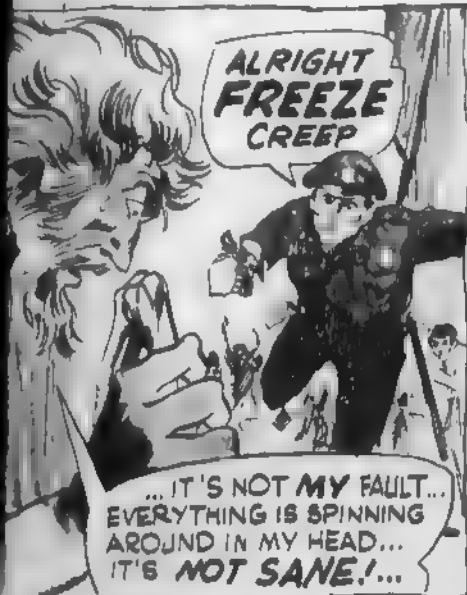
...SOCIETY... OR **ME**...



I ONLY WANTED
TO ASK HER A
QUESTION...
HER ARM CAME
OFF. SHE'S
NOT REAL...



...WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE
WITH MY
CHILD?
OH GOD



ALRIGHT
FREEZE
CREEP

... IT'S NOT MY FAULT...
EVERYTHING IS SPINNING
AROUND IN MY HEAD...
IT'S NOT SANE!...



LET GO-A-MY-
ARM MAN...
YOU'RE KILLING
ME... GOD
GOD!

THEN TELL ME WHAT
GOES ON... IT IS ME
THAT IS INSANE?

OR THE WORLD?
TELL ME !!



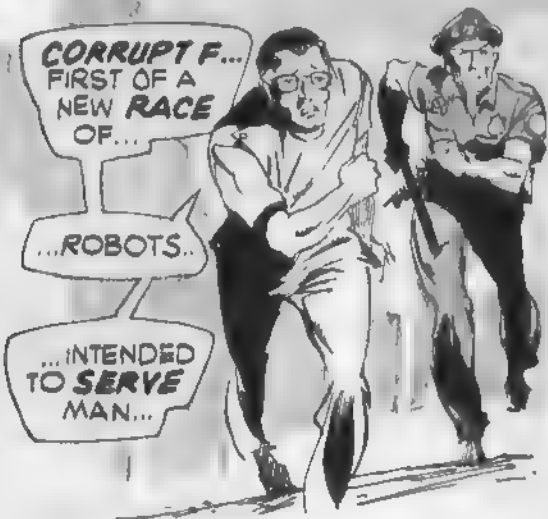
AAAAAGHHH!!

MY GOD...
IT'S HAPPENED
AGAIN... IS
THERE NO
END TO THIS
BLOODY
MADNESS...



EEEEAAAGOD ARE YOU MAD? ARE YOU MAD?

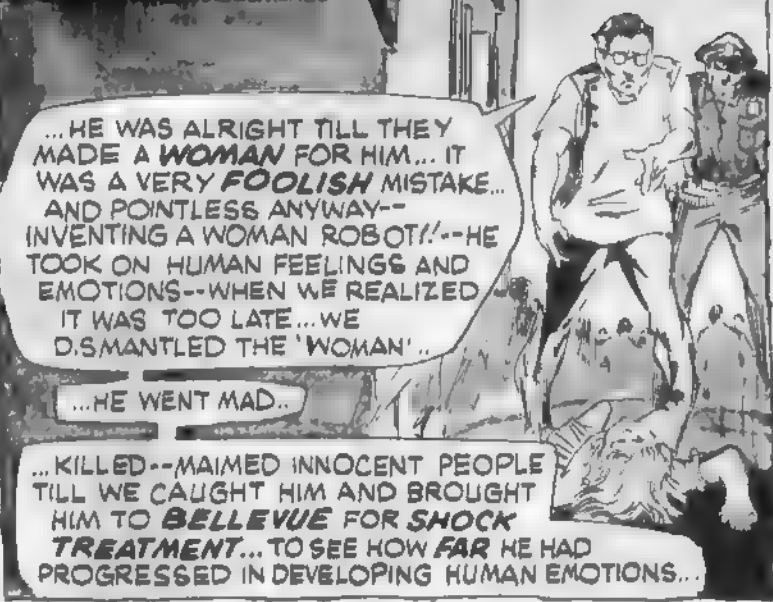
... MY GOD...
IT'S **ME!**



CORRUPT F...
FIRST OF A
NEW RACE
OF...

...ROBOTS...

...INTENDED
TO SERVE
MAN...



... HE WAS ALRIGHT TILL THEY
MADE A **WOMAN** FOR HIM... IT
WAS A VERY **FOOLISH** MISTAKE...
AND POINTLESS ANYWAY--
INVENTING A **WOMAN ROBOT!**--HE
TOOK ON HUMAN FEELINGS AND
EMOTIONS--WHEN WE REALIZED
IT WAS TOO LATE... WE
D.S.MANTLED THE '**WOMAN**' ..

...HE WENT MAD...

... KILLED--MAINED INNOCENT PEOPLE
TILL WE CAUGHT HIM AND BROUGHT
HIM TO **BELLEVUE** FOR **SHOCK**
TREATMENT... TO SEE HOW FAR HE HAD
PROGRESSSED IN DEVELOPING HUMAN EMOTIONS...



I CAN'T TAKE
THIS... I CAN'T...



..AS TO **WHY**
HE KEPT SHOUTING
ABOUT BEING A
WEREWOLF
I DON'T KNOW...

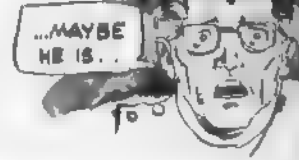
...I JUST DON'T...
BUT HIS MECHANICAL
MIND WAS...

SOMEHOW BENT

...BUT EVEN SO THE **IMPLICATION**
OF THE **HAIR** AND THE
UNNATURAL **GHOULISM** AND...

...GOD...

I WON'T-
NO, GOD, I
WON'T!



...MAYBE
HE IS...



...THE ENGINEERS AND COPS
AND BYSTANDERS CROWDED
AROUND THE REMAINS OF
CORRUPT F...THEY TALKED
EXCITEDLY AT FIRST... BUT
WHEN THEY SAW THE BODY
AND WHAT WAS LEFT OF
THE SO CALLED...'**ROBOT**'...
THEIR VOICES SUDDENLY
QUIETED AND DULLED TO
A GULLEN WHISPER...





HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DISMANTLED
ALONG WITH THE WOMAN...**GOD**
ONLY KNOWS WHAT WENT
THROUGH HIS MIND AS HE
ATTACKED THESE PEOPLE.
THIS HELPLESS CHILD. THE
DOCTOR BACK AT THE
HOSPITAL...

WHY WAS HE
SHOUTING SOMETHING
ABOUT A **WEREWOLF**
THO? WHAT HAS A
WEREWOLF GOT TO
DO WITH ANYTHING?



I DON'T KNOW...
A CURIOUS ASPECT OF THIS CASE
IS THAT--BECAUSE HE WAS SO
HUMAN-LIKE IN DESIGN--HIS INVENTORS
GAVE HIM **NO HAIR** SO WE COULD
QUICKLY SPOT THE PHYSICAL DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN THE ROBOT AND MAN... HE
GREW HAIR **ALL BY HIMSELF**...

AS TO **WHY**... I... DON'T KNOW...

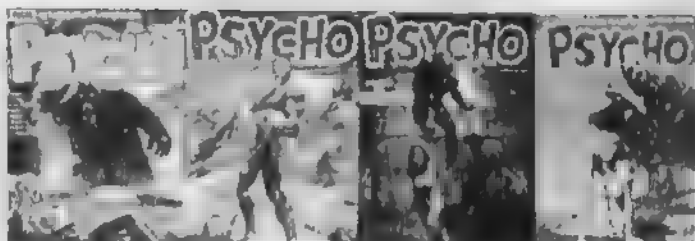
... HE'S IN THE SUBWAY SIR



...WHEN THE DOCTORS RUSHED DOWN AFTER THEIR PATIENTS... THEIR
'MECHANICAL MAN'... THEY QUICKLY COVERED UP THE BITS OF
FLESH AND BONE WITH A HOSPITAL BLANKET...



...AN **EXPLANATION** MIGHT BE IN ORDER--BUT IT IS NOT
FORTHCOMING... NO-- WE LEAVE SPECULATION TO **YOU**...
... **OURS**... IS NOT TO REASON WHY...



#2... \$2.00 #3... \$1.50 #4... \$1.50 #8... \$1.00

THIS IS THE MAGAZINE OF THE MAD-ULTIMATE LUNATIC HEAP... THE USUAL-UNUSUAL MAN-BEAST WHO COMES INTO YOUR MIND AND BENDS IT IN...

PSYCHO



PSYCHO
#11

ANNUAL \$1.00 #9... \$1.00 ONSALE OCT 26 ON SALE DEC 28

...LEARN THE MACABRE ORIGIN OF THE HEAP IN ISSUE #2 ...THEN TAUNT YOUR BRAIN CORPUSCLES IN THESE TALES OF FIENDISH OTHER-THINGS 'THE MAN WHO STOLE ETERNITY' BY BRAINWASHED BILL EVERETT IN #3... 'FRANKENSTEIN' BY TERRIBLE TOM SUTTON IN #4... AND LOSE COMPLETE HOLD OF YOUR SANITY IN 'THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF VODOO' BY RABID RAMON TORRENTS IN PSYCHO #8...



NIGHTMARE IS THE MAGAZINE OF CORPSES, CADAVERS, CREEPS, CRETONS AND MACABRE CRABS -- WHERE AWKWARD MANY-MOUTHED GHOULS LINGER HORRIBLY THROUGH ARCHAIC GRAVEYARDS SLITHERING AND SLIDING ABOUT AND WAITING TO ENTER YOUR PRIMAL-SPINAL... GRAB ONTO 'MARK OF THE BEAST' BY SUFFERING SYD SHORES IN ISSUE #1... 'TUNNELS OF HORROR' BY PARANOID PABLO MARCOS IN #8... 'IN A GRAVE BENEATH THE SEA' BY BENT BILL PAYNE IN THE ANNUAL... AND 'THE THING IN THE ALLEY' BY ARCHAIC AL AND BYGONE BERNI WRIGHTSON IN #9... ALL IN



#1... \$2.00 #2... \$2.00



#3... \$1.50 #8... \$1.00

NIGHTMARE



NIGHTMARE
#11

#9... \$1.00 #10... \$1.00 ANNUAL \$1.50 ONSALE NOV. 30



HEREIN IS WHERE YOU CAN OBTAIN CERTAIN MANIACAL, ASTONISHING, CORRUPT, HARD-TO-GET, MINT, WEIRD, CHOKE & COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS FROM OUR...

BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT

...AND IN THE PROCESS, PROVIDE YOURSELF WITH MANY AWKWARD EVENINGS OF OFTEN-LITERATE GRAPHIC ENTERTAINMENT...



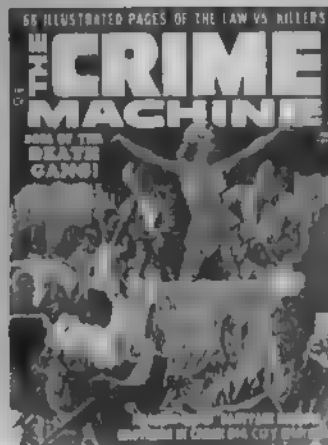
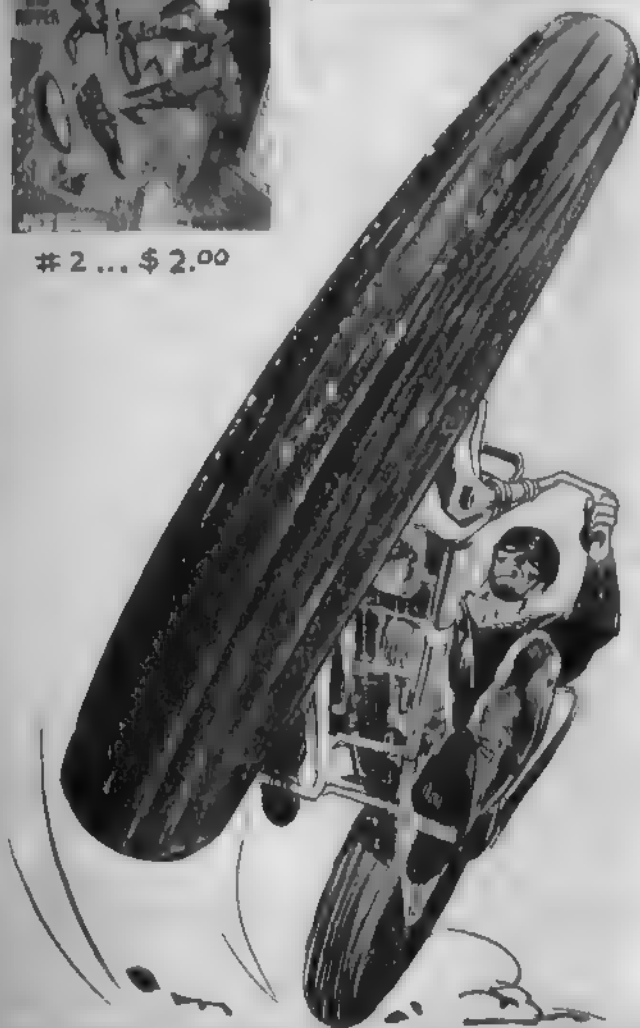
#1... \$ 2.00



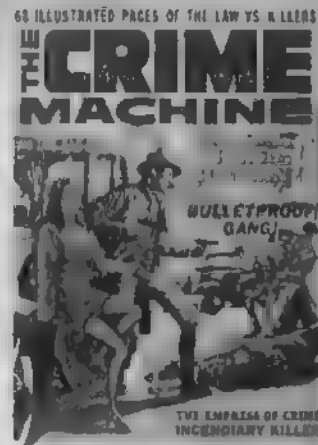
#2... \$ 2.00

HELL-RIDER

HAVE YOU MET THE THE HELL-RIDER?... HAVE YOU SMASHED INTO HELL ON THE HORROR-BIKE?... GRAB ONTO THESE 2 AND ONLY 2 ISSUES OF THE ORIGINAL BIKE-RIDING SUPERHERO BY GROTESQUE GARY FRIEDRICH... WHO TEAMED UP WITH THE BASHFUL WILD-BUNCH AND THE BEAUTIFUL LITHE-LIMBED BLACK BUTTERFLY TO CAPTURE YOUR BRAIN PEBBLES AND SHAKE THEM OUT OF EXISTENCE...



#1... \$ 2.00



#2... \$ 2.00

THE CRIME MACHINE

THE MAGAZINE OF GANGSTERS, DOLLS AND ATROCIOUS, UNBELIEVABLE EVIL... FOR THESE WEIRD 2 FAT-ONES ARE ABOUT THE AWFUL DAYS WHEN AL CAPONE, DUTCH SCHULTZ, BABY FACE NELSON AND OTHER PUNKS WERE WARLORDS AND RULED THE STREETS.. LEARN OF THEIR CRIMES, LIVES AND PRETENDED BRITTLE LOVES IN THE ONLY 2 ISSUES OF CRIME-MACHINE... THE MAGAZINE THAT'LL CRIPPLE YOUR WEIRD LITTLE MACABRE Brain...



ARCHAIC CASH ENCLOSED...\$.....

for CRIME-MACHINE #1 ☐ #2 ☐

for HELL-RIDER #1 ☐ #2 ☐

for PSYCHO #2 ☐ #3 ☐ #4 ☐ #8 ☐ ANNUAL ☐ #9 ☐ #10 ☐

NIGHTMARE #1 ☐ #2 ☐ #3 ☐ #8 ☐ #9 ☐ ANNUAL ☐ #10 ☐ #11 ☐

NAME.....

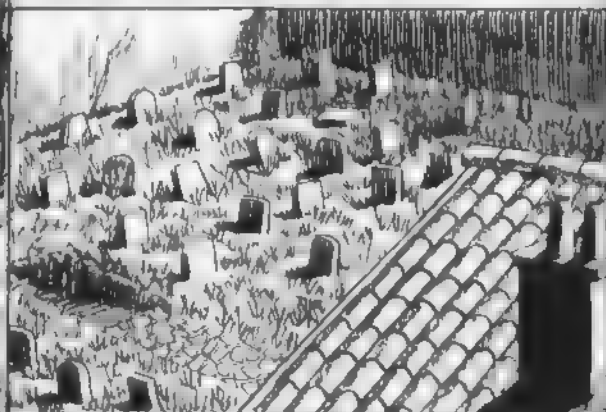
ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

WHEN YOU LOOK SLOWLY AND **THINKINGLY** THROUGH THE MORNING DUST AT THE ANCIENT, HAGGARD **ROOFTOPS** OF OLD GREENWICH VILLAGE...YOU THINK OF LEGENDS **REAL AND OLD**-- LEGENDS DIM AND **BURIED** AND **FORGOTTEN** BY MOST... **REMEMBERED** BY ONLY A FEW...
... THIS IS **ONE** LEGEND... **FORGOTTEN** BY ALL...



IN THE **BACKYARD** OF A CERTAIN OLD HOME IN GREENWICH THERE IS A **GRAVEYARD**, COVERED IN DUST AND AGE, OVERGROWN BY TALL TREES AND NAMELESS **WEEDS**, UNVISITED BY **MOURNERS** FOR THEY **THEMSELVES** ARE NOW DEAD AND BURIED 'NEATH **ANOTHER** SOILED PLOT...



THE LEGEND OF THE MAN- MACABRE

HEWETSON AND VILLANOVA

AND WITHIN THIS GRAVEYARD THERE IS A **CRYPT**-
UNDERGROUND AND ALMOST **UNREACHABLE**, ITS
ENTRANCE BEING NEARLY HIDDEN IN **OVERGROWN**
TIME- WHICH REMAINED **ALONE AND UNUSED**
MANY UNCOUNTABLE **YEARS**-- HIDING SECRETS
TOO **BLACK** TO BE SANE AND **HUMAN**...



IT WAS LAST **AUGUST** I BOUGHT THIS HOUSE, AND
IN THAT MONTH THAT I FOUND **THE HIDDEN**
ENTRANCE AND DEEP **STONE STAIRWELL** AS I
SEARCHED **THE GROUNDS**...



THEY USED TO
DIG THESE **CRYPTS**
AWFUL **DEEP**
BENEATH THE
GROUND...
SUPERSTITION...
BUT THIS **STAIRWAY**
SEEMS TO **DESCEND**
ENDLESSLY...

...WHERE CAN
IT **LEAD** ?

I FOUND THAT IT LED TO A **LEGEND**... THAT SOME-
MAN SOME-WHERE **MUST** KNOW ...BUT NOT **I**...
TO **ME** IT IS ONLY A **FORBIDDEN MYSTERY**...
ONE CAN ONLY **GUESS** AT ..

GOOD LORD...THIS IS
NO COMMON CRYPT...IT'S
A **TORTURE CHAMBER**...
...LIKE SOMETHING **POE**
WOULD **DREAM** UP...

...THE **HORRORS** THAT **MUST**
HAVE OCCURRED HERE WHEN IT
WAS IN **OPERATION** **MUST**
HAVE BEEN **HORRENDOUS**...
INHUMAN...



...AND IT IS ON THAT **THOUGHT**... THAT WE
START OUR **TALE**...

THE LEGEND OF
THE MAN-MACABRE
TOOK PLACE
ENTIRELY IN THE
MONTH OF
DECEMBER, 1849...

MANY WOULD CALL
THIS MAN SICK...
DEPRAVED...

...OR A LUNATIC...A
MADMAN...

...SUCH OVERUSED WORDS THOSE!... AND
WRONG!... HE IS ONLY A ROMANTIC... A
MAN-MACABRE...

THOKKA
THOKK
THOKKA

...ON THE PROWL!

TIC TIC TIK
TIKK TIKK

PPPPPPPPPP

PPPPPPPPPP

...AHH...

...SOMEONE
BEHIND ME...
FOLLOWING?...

...OH
GOD...

TIC TIC TIC TIC
TAKK-TAKK-TAKK

... OH
WALTER...
WALTER...

... SOME
MANIAC...
CHASED ME
THREE BLOCKS
... THANK GOD
YOU WERE
WAITING FOR
ME... THANK
GOD...

OH DAMMIT.

IS IT **NEVER**
GOING TO
HAPPEN?

...**TWO WEEKS--**
AND NOTHING!



THE **FIRST**
GIRL I SOUGHT
PULLED A **PISTOL**
OUT OF HER
PURSE...

...NEARLY
SHOT MY
ARM OFF...

-- THE
SECOND
SCREAMED
LIKE A
BANSHEE...

...THOUGHT MY
EARS WOULD
DIE ON THE
SPOT!

POE WOULD
LAUGH AT
ME...

...AND HOW
I'VE **TRIED...**
I SET IT UP
EXACTLY AS
HE DESCRIBED
SO OFTEN...
TO THE
MINUTEST
DETAIL...

...**EVERYTHING...**

...IS IT THAT
I'M **JINXED?**...



WHY CAN'T
I FIND A
SUITABLE
VICTIM?



FOR **YEARS** I'VE
BEEN A **DEVOTED** READER...
EVERYTHING POE EVER
WROTE I KNOW BY HEART...
THEN WHEN HE **DIED** JUST
A COUPLE OF **MONTHS**
AGO... I THOUGHT I'D
DIE **TOO...**

...THEN I **KNEW**
WHAT I COULD DO...
I HAD TO KEEP
HIM **ALIVE!**

...HIS
MEMORY...
HIS
WORKS...

...NOW IN
THIS **COMPOSITE**
DUNGEON OF
TORTURE HE **IS**
ALIVE... ALL HIS
MOMENTS OF **GLORY**
... HIS FINEST
WORDS AND **IDEAS**
... NOW THEY
ARE **REAL...**

BUT I HAVE NO
VICTIM... NO
INNOCENT TO PUT
TO THIS **PROUD**
RACK...

...I MUST SEEK
ALTERNATE
MEANS...



NOW-- AS THE LEGEND CONTINUES, IT IS A NIGHT OR TWO LATER...



LOOK AT THAT MAN... HE'S ODD...

...WEIRD...

...YES, WEIRD--

LOOK AT HIS CLOTHES... ALL BLACK... HIS EYES DART AROUND THE ROOM LIKE HE'S LOOKING INTO EVERYBODY'S MIND...

I THINK HE'S RATHER ATTRACTIVE...

...YOU'RE JOKING... A FREAK LIKE THAT?

FREAK? DON'T BE OUTRAGEOUS... HE LOOKS PERFECTLY DIVINE... I'M GOING OVER TO INTRODUCE MYSELF...

OH DON'T BE SUCH A PRUDE... IT'S A PARTY ISN'T IT?

MELINDA... DON'T BE SO FORWARD...



I'M MELINDA-- I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU...

WHY?

NOTHING IS MORE INTERESTING AT A PARTY THAN A MAN-ALONE!

ARE YOU TRYING TO BE RUDE?...

NOT AT ALL... NOW DON'T BE SO CONCERNED... I WON'T BITE YOUR HEAD OFF... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

MORRIS MANNING? THAT'S HORRIBLE!

MORRIS... MANNING...

YOU'RE BEING RUDE!

I'M SORRY... I'LL CALL YOU MORRIS...



WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME HOME WITH ME TONIGHT?

... AND A MINUTE AGO I THOUGHT I WAS BEING FORWARD!

I'M SORRY I... I HAVEN'T BEEN WITH GIRLS MUCH... I'VE BEEN A RECLUSE, KEEPING TO MYSELF... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SPEAK... WHAT TO SAY...

...I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU... I'VE JUST BUILT A SPECIAL... MONUMENT... TO POE! HAVE YOU EVER READ ANYTHING OF POE?

A LITTLE... NOT MUCH...

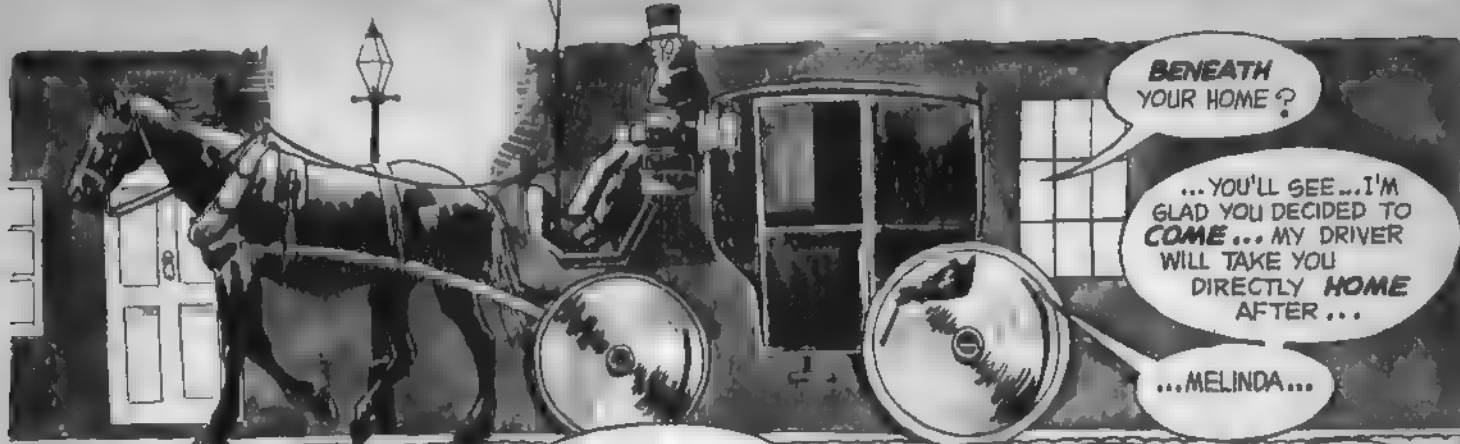
WHAT'S THIS MONUMENT ALL ABOUT...

HE WAS A GENIUS YOU KNOW...

I'VE NEVER SHOWN ANYBODY... I'VE JUST FINISHED BUILDING IT!

...IT'S BEAUTIFUL IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF... IT'S BENEATH MY HOME IN GREENWICH...





BENEATH
YOUR HOME?

...YOU'LL SEE...I'M
GLAD YOU DECIDED TO
COME... MY DRIVER
WILL TAKE YOU
DIRECTLY **HOME**
AFTER...

...MELINDA...



IT'S SO
DARK OUT
HERE
MORRIS...

DUNGEON?

...THE
DUNGEON IS
WELL-LIT!...

DON'T BE **UPSET**...THERE'S
NOTHING TO BE **SCARED OF**...
NOTHING AT **ALL**!
...I WON'T HURT **YOU** MELINDA...
NOT **REALLY**...I JUST WANT TO
TRY THINGS OUT...

MORRIS... WHAT DO
YOU MEAN YOU WON'T
HURT ME...I THINK
YOU'D BETTER **TELL**
ME WHAT...

...AAAH... MY
ARM... YOU'RE
HURTING ME...

I'M **SORRY**
MELINDA...I
DON'T WANT TO
HURT YOU...
BUT YOU
MUSTN'T
PROTEST...

MY **GOD**
MORRIS--
WHAT HAVE
YOU **DONE**?

DO YOU
LIKE IT?
DON'T YOU
THINK IT'S
A FINE
TRIBUTE?

OH MORRIS...
ARE YOU...HAVE
YOU LOST YOUR
MIND...WHY
...WHY?



WHAT ARE YOU
DOING MORRIS...
YOU'RE NEARLY
BREAKING MY
WRIST...

I'VE TOLD
YOU WHY
MELINDA...

A TORTURE
CHAMBER WITHOUT
A VICTIM IS
USELESS...

...DID YOU THINK
I'D GO TO ALL THIS
TROUBLE TO
BUILD SOMETHING
THAT WOULD
NEVER BE **USED**...



...UNCONSCIOUS...

IT'S NO GOOD IF
SHE'S **UNCONSCIOUS**
...THEY'LL BE NO
SCREAMS... NO
CRIES OF
AGONY...

...THERE'LL
BE NO
POINT...



...OOOOHHHHH...

...MELINDA...
WHAT?...





I HAD TO **FAKE**
THIS FAINTING TRICK
THEN OR HE'D HAVE
STRAPPED ME INTO ONE
OF HIS **CONTRAPTIONS...**

...AND THERE'S
NO WAY I'D LET HIM
DO **THAT** TO ME... **ME**
OF **ALL PEOPLE...**



HE'S NOT OUT OF HIS
MIND... I COUNTED ON MY
BEING UNCONSCIOUS AS BEING
ENOUGH TO STOP HIM...

...TAKE THE **JOY**
OUT OF IT...

BUT MY PHONY
ACT WON'T KEEP
HIM OFF FOR
LONG... GOT TO
ESCAPE...



...OUT OF
HERE!

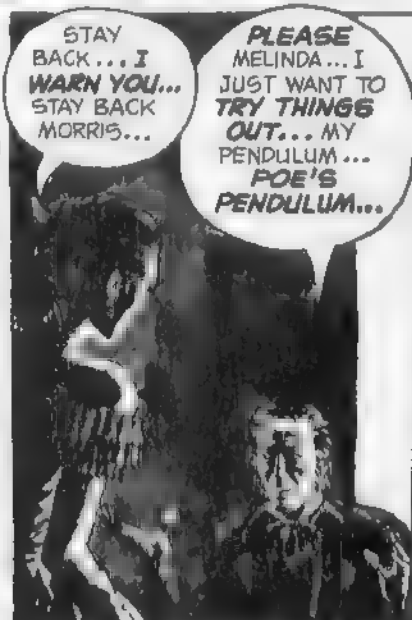
DON'T WORRY MY
PRETTIES... SHE'LL
BE OUT OF IT **SOON** AND
YOU'LL HAVE YOUR
FIRST VICTIM...



... HE
SEES ME...

MELINDA!

DON'T RUN...
I DON'T WANT
TO HURT YOU...
NOT
REALLY...



STAY
BACK... I
WARN YOU...
STAY BACK
MORRIS...

PLEASE
MELINDA... I
JUST WANT TO
TRY THINGS
OUT... MY
PENDULUM...
POE'S
PENDULUM...



I WARNED
YOU
MORRIS...

... MY GOD...
DID I **KILL**
HIM ?...

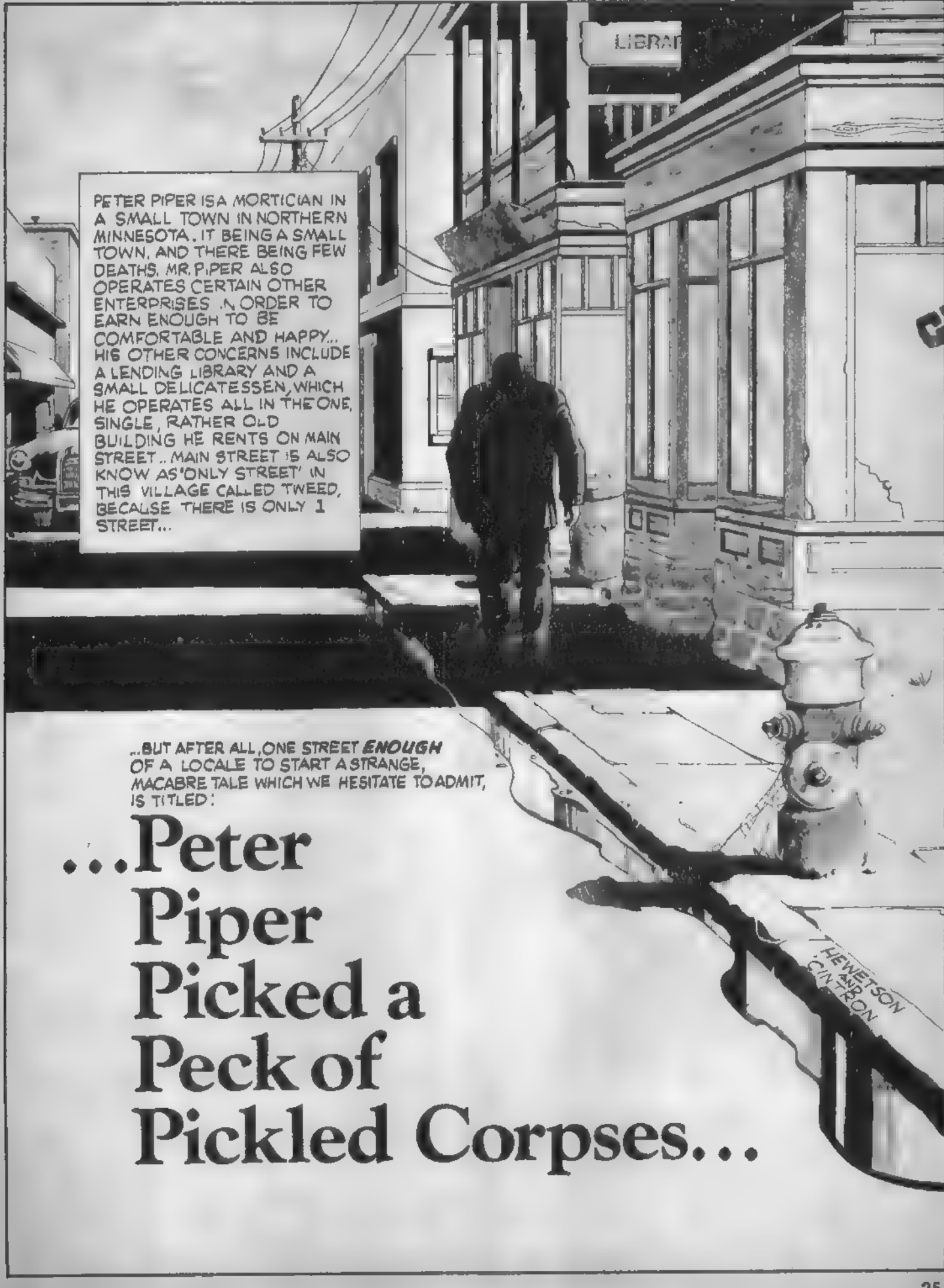
YEEAAAAA





NOW... LET US RETURN TO THE PRESENT...





PETER PIPER IS A MORTICIAN IN A SMALL TOWN IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA. IT BEING A SMALL TOWN, AND THERE BEING FEW DEATHS, MR. PIPER ALSO OPERATES CERTAIN OTHER ENTERPRISES IN ORDER TO EARN ENOUGH TO BE COMFORTABLE AND HAPPY... HIS OTHER CONCERNS INCLUDE A LENDING LIBRARY AND A SMALL DELICATESSEN, WHICH HE OPERATES ALL IN THE ONE, SINGLE, RATHER OLD BUILDING HE RENTS ON MAIN STREET.. MAIN STREET IS ALSO KNOWN AS 'ONLY STREET' IN THIS VILLAGE CALLED TWEED, BECAUSE THERE IS ONLY 1 STREET...

...BUT AFTER ALL, ONE STREET *ENOUGH* OF A LOCALE TO START A STRANGE, MACABRE TALE WHICH WE HESITATE TO ADMIT, IS TITLED:

...Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Corpses...

THERE IS NOT VERY MUCH TO SAY ABOUT MR PIPER. HE IS A SHY RETIRING MAN WHO LIVES ALONE AND, HAVING LITTLE REALLY TO DO IN TWEED HE WORKS A LOT. PUTTING HIS ENTERPRISES IN GOOD ORDER.. KEEPING THE ANCIENT YELLOW BOOKS OF HIS LENDING LIBRARY IN PROPER SHAPE



ATTENDING TO HIS DUTIES AS TWEED'S MORTICIAN



AND SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GUESSING ALL ALONG THAT THE BODIES AND THE MEATS ARE SOMEHOW LINKED, WE SHAN'T KEEP YOU IN SUSPENSE ANY LONGER... WE'LL ADMIT THAT MR. PIPER OCCASIONALLY TRIES TO MAKE A FEW EXTRA DOLLARS BY STUFFING PEOPLE PARTS ON HIS SHELVES...

...THIS IS NOTHING TO BE DISTURBED ABOUT, BECAUSE THE CITIZENS OF THIS RURAL COMMUNITY DON'T REALLY GIVE A DAMN ONE WAY OR THE OTHER ABOUT WHAT THEY EAT...

AND BESIDES... THIS HAS LITTLE TO DO WITH OUR TALE... WHICH IS REALLY ABOUT MR. PIPER'S LOVE FOR ANIMALS.



...THE CHILDREN OF TWEED DAILY COME TO PLAY WITH MR. PIPER'S PETS.. AND ARE GENUINE FRIENDS TO THE OLD MAN WHO, AT AGE 78 FINDS HIMSELF NEAR DEATH...

...ONE NIGHT AS MR. PIPER SITS ON HIS VERANDA LISTENING TO THE CRICKETS AND THE FROGS HE HEARS A LOW, GARBLED SORT OF VOICE...



MR. PIPER CARRIED THE TINY THING INTO HIS HOUSE AND LOOKED AT IT CLOSELY IN THE LIGHT. IT JUMPED UP AND DOWN ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HIM AND WAVED IT'S ARMS ABOUT..

... MY GOD..

...WHUT KINDA
LITTLE MITE
IS THIS
I GOT ?...

MEPT NID PHPTTTT TDB
YTEEDLE POOTYPOOTY XE
POOTY Y NURDY TLE



BOUNCE BOUNCE

...THEN IT JUMPED OFF THE
TABLE ONTO THE FLOOR
LANDING WITH A CERTAIN
UNDESCRIBABLE DEFT...

THEN IT SCURRIED ACROSS THE ROOM AND STOOD IN
THE DOOR WAY OF THE FUNERAL PARLOR AND GAVE
THE APPEARANCE OF 'MOTIONING' FOR THE
AMUSED MORTICIAN TO
FOLLOW HIM...

...THE OLD MAN'S SMILE SLOWLY VANISHED NOW AS
THE ANIMAL BOUNCED OVER TO WHERE HE HAD
BEEN EMBALMING A CORPSE..IT CRAWLED UP THE
LEG OF THE TABLE AND JUMPED UP AND DOWN
ON THE CORPSES' CHEST...

MEED FOR U FOR U FOR U
FORFORFOR UINKLY
POOP

BOUNCE
BOUNCE
BOUNCE

...HEY...

...WAIT A MINUTE
THERE LITTLE
FELLAH...

POOOMP

...IT BECAME CLEAR TO PIPER THAT: a) THE ANIMAL
WAS OF ABNORMAL INTELLIGENCE... b) IT WAS
TRYING TO TELL HIM SOMETHING... c) IT WAS
SOMETHING TO DO WITH
CORPSES AND PICKLING...

...I THINK...I THINK IT'S
BEGINNING TO HIT ME
WHAT YO'R GETTIN'
A LITTLE FELLAH...

FKDKDK O
MEPPPPPOP XE
PEPP TOTCH
TOOPYD

...BUT WHO?...WHERE?...

HEY!

...IT BOUNCED ABOUT ON THE FLOOR AND SCRAMBLED TO THE CORNERS OF THE ROOM, SEEMINGLY SNIFFING, THEN ABRUPTLY, IT BOUNCED UP AND DOWN ON THE MEAT SHELVES LIKE A LUNATIC AND SHOUTED VERY LOUDLY. MR PIPER WAS SIMPLY ASTOUNDED



... YOU TRYIN' TO TELL ME SOMETHIN' LITTLE FELLAH?... THE WAY YO'R BOUNCIN' UP AND DOWN LIKE THAT. WAVIN' YOUR ARMS ABOUT LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT SOMETHIN' **SERIOUS** ON YOUR MIND...

THE FEPPLE ON DOODLA TIACKER MID CK PAP XSTXU

POOSH

POOSH

POOSH



...THE ANIMAL SEEMED TO SMILE A LITTLE AT MR. PIPER AND JUMPED OFF THE CORPSE, ONTO THE FLOOR, AND RAN TO THE BACK DOOR... WHICH HE SCAMPERED OUT... LEAVING THE OLD MAN OF TWEED ALONE AND MOMENTARILY THOUGHTFUL...



...THEN IT RETURNED AND STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, CARRYING IN ITS ARMS ITS DEAD LITTLE WIFE...



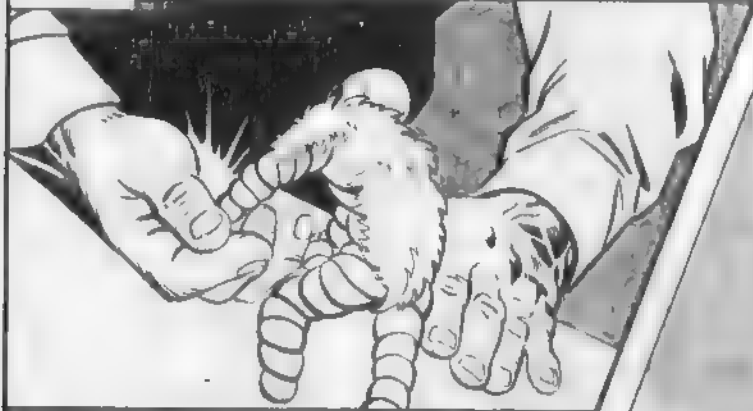
MR PIPER PICKED UP THE WIFE-ANIMAL AND CARRIED IT TO A TABLE WHERE HE LAID IT DOWN GENTLY. HE WENT OVER TO HIS CUPBOARD AND WITHDREW A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE AND A SMALL AMOUNT OF EMBALMING FLUID



...WHILE THE MINI-MACABRE HUSBAND WATCHED. THE MORTICIAN INSERTED THE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE IN THE ARM OF THE WOMAN AND SLOWLY PUMPED THE FLUID INTO HER DEAD VEINS...



...HE TURNED TO THE MOURNING HUSBAND AND INDICATED HE HAD DONE ALL THAT WAS NECESSARY. THE ANIMAL-MAN LOOKED FIRST AT HIS WIFE'S REMAINS AND THEN AT MR. PIPER. HE WALKED OVER TO HIS OPEN HAND AND PRESSED SOMETHING IN IT...



THEN HE PICKED UP HIS WIFE AND LEFT, LEAVING MR. PIPER TO LOOK AT HIS PAYMENT. A SMALL UNEARTHLY COIN FASHIONED OF SOME OTHER-WORLD METAL SHIMMERED IN HIS HAND.



MR PIPER SMILED AND WALKED OUT ONTO HIS VERANDA. HE COULD SEE THE TINY SPACECRAFT WEAVING ITS WAY UP FROM A NEARBY CLUMP OF TREES, SEE IT SEEM TO HOVER FOR A MOMENT OVER THE FUNERAL PARLOR. THEN SHIFT OFF INTO THE STARS FOR HOME. WHERE HIS VISITOR'S WIFE WOULD BE PROPERLY BURIED IN THE CUSTOMS OF THE FAR-OFF PLANET



...HE HAD SEEN TO IT SHE'D LAST THE TRIP.

THIS EVENT IS PROBABLY THE MOST EXTRA-ORDINARY HAPPENING THAT'S EVER TAKEN PLACE IN TWEED, MINNESOTA, YET THE ONLY CITIZEN WHO WITNESSED IT SITS QUIETLY ON HIS VERANDA ROCKING AND LISTENING TO CRICKETS AND FROGS AND PLAYING WITH HIS PETS



AFTER AWHILE, THAT SAME NIGHT, HE STOPPED LISTENING AND STOPPED ROCKING AND CEASED PLAYING. AND QUIETLY DIED... PETER PIPER HAS LIVED A GOOD LIFE AND NOW THAT IT WAS OVER HE HAD NO REGRETS

The Legend of an 18th Century gentleman: H.P. Lovecraft



photo: ARKHAM HOUSE

THE LEGEND OF AN 18TH CENTURY GENTLEMAN:
HOWARD P. LOVECRAFT by ALAN HEWETSON

Howard P. Lovecraft wrote and lived his weird tales in the provincial town of Arkham in Massachusetts. In this 18th century place of prosperous peak-roofs, sunset-flushed ionic columns, Victorian manses, and slippery walls he wandered through the early-dark hours - stopping here and there neath barbaric and snarling tree limbs, pausing to think and write in sequestered graveyards - this macabre gentleman of American Literature of the twenties and thirties breathed into his work an emotion of reality unknown in other's writings.

Arkham, Mass., does not exist on any map; but as the Rhode Island Historical Society does not hesitate to suggest, Arkham is PROVIDENCE, R. I., where Lovecraft's attachment was so strong it permeated all his tales. H.P.L. was a romantic, who in his letters actually stated he would have preferred to have lived during the 18th or 19th, rather than the twentieth, century. Providence gave him this opportunity, for in the 1920's and 30's it was a town only slightly removed from that other era he so loved. It is a city that remembers him through it's heritage and its legends (though it knew not even of his existence when he was alive). The places where he lived are shrined to Lovecraftmaniacs; his birthplace at 66 College Street was moved and is restored at the corner of Prospect and Meeting Streets. 66 College Street is now the John Hay Library (of BROWN University), and houses the world's most complete collection of Lovecraft material.

In the John Hay LOVECRAFT COLLECTION are all of his surviving original and typed manuscripts, his many letters and postcards to friends and associates and fellow writers, many hand drawn sketches and photographs never published, and many other memorabilia of this late writer.

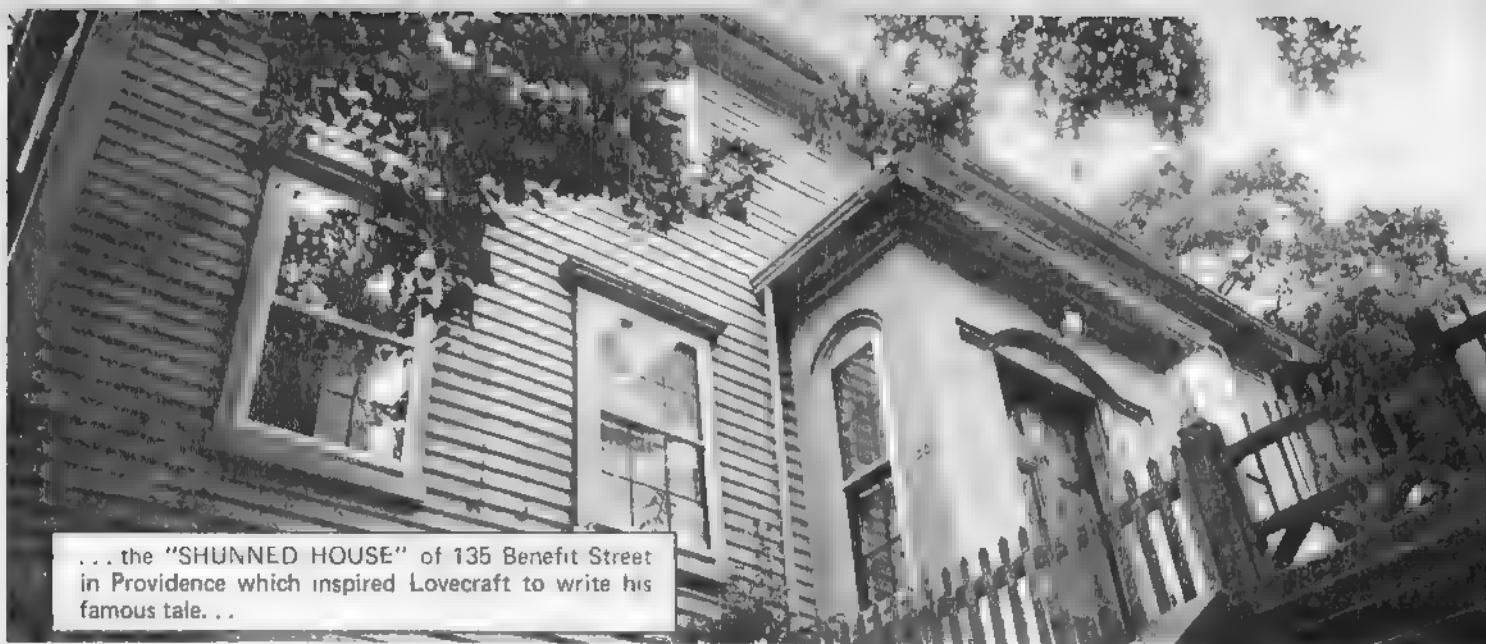
Lovecraft sold almost exclusively to the famous Chicago based pulp magazine of the period: WEIRD TALES... and existed on a near poverty income, which he supplemented by ghost writing for others - such as the famous HOUDINI escape artist.

ARKHAM HOUSE, established years ago by his friend and fellow weird-writer, the late AUGUST DERLETH, has re-published all Lovecraft's tales and letters and poems in several beautiful hardbound editions, such as DAGON, AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS, THE DUNWICH HORROR and several others. (A free catalogue is available to anyone writing: THE LOVECRAFT EDITIONS, ARKHAM HOUSE PUBLISHERS, Sauk City, Wisconsin 53583).

This man-macabre, this Lovecraft, is the inspiration for SKYWALD's emotion-evoking HORROR-MOOD. The writers of the weird tales in these magazines are Lovecraft lovers, and their admiration for him is reflected in their tales (just as Al Feldstein's E.C. comic publications are also somewhat reflected). It is generally considered that Lovecraft's writings were awkward and poorly structured, yet, he is held in qualified respect by virtually everyone who has read his work. The 'qualification' being, that his strength lay in the horrific images which he concocted through the use of emotional description. This description, though often labored and long, never failed to conspire with its own context to evoke definitive atmospherics.

... from: 'THE FESTIVAL ...

"... there was an open space around the church; partly a churchyard with spectral shafts, and partly a half-paved square swept nearly bare of snow by the wind, and lined with unwholesomely archaic houses having peaked roofs and overhanging gables. Death-fires danced over the tombs, revealing gruesome vistas, though queerly failing to cast any shadows. Past the churchyard, where there were no houses, I could see over the hill's summit and watch the glimmer of stars on the harbour, though the town was invisible in the dark. Only once in



... the "SHUNNED HOUSE" of 135 Benefit Street in Providence which inspired Lovecraft to write his famous tale. . .



... the restored birthplace of Lovecraft, an eerie and dismal manse when blue-black shadows fall upon its shuttered windows by night. . .

... the publishers are proud and pleased to present this feature about the late macabre writer, H. P. Lovecraft, who so influences modern horror writing. Our editor, Alan (Archaic) Hewetson, recently spent a week in Providence, R.I., where Lovecraft spent most of his life. Mr Hewetson returned to New York with IT, the prose presentation on the outside back cover of this issue, and several other Lovecraftian inspired tales "continuing the Cthuhlu Mythos" which will shortly appear, such as "WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH" and "THIS ARCHAIC BREEDING GROUND". We wish to thank the following people and organizations for their assistance in this Lovecraft review: NOEL CONLON, editor, THE RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY; JOHN CROMPTON, THE SWAN POINT CEMETERY in Providence, Rhode Island; JOHN HARVEY, the JOHN HAY LIBRARY of Brown University; ANN BANKS, associate editor of English and American Civilization at Brown University; the late AUGUST DERLETH and his ARKHAM HOUSE PUBLISHERS. Thank You.



... the sight of Lovecraft's grave in Swan Point Cemetery... he had no headstone... the only indication of his being buried anywhere thereabouts is a small reference on the back of the family monument. . .

a while a lantern bobbed horribly through serpentine alleys on its way to overtake the throng that was now slipping speechlessly into the church. I waited till the crowd had oozed into the black doorway, and till all the stranglers had followed. The old man was pulling at my sleeve, but I was determined to be the last. Crossing the threshold into the swarming temple of unknown darkness, I turned once to look at the outside world as the churchyard phosphorescence cast a sickly glow on the hilltop pavement. And as I did so I shuddered. For though the wind had not left much snow, a few patches did remain on the path near the door; and in that fleeting backward look it seemed to my troubled eyes that they bore no mark of passing feet, not even MINE! . . .

The literary learned argue about Howard Phillips Lovecraft and Edgar Allan Poe, refusing to accept them EACH as valuable contributors of personal and unique styles -- argue and compare them, to conclude: Lovecraft didn't do 'this' in which Poe was accomplished; or, Poe could never portray Lovecraft's 'that'. Perhaps the readers of WEIRD TALES were above this need of the intellectual to label device, for THEY argued not, and appreciated each author's own merits.

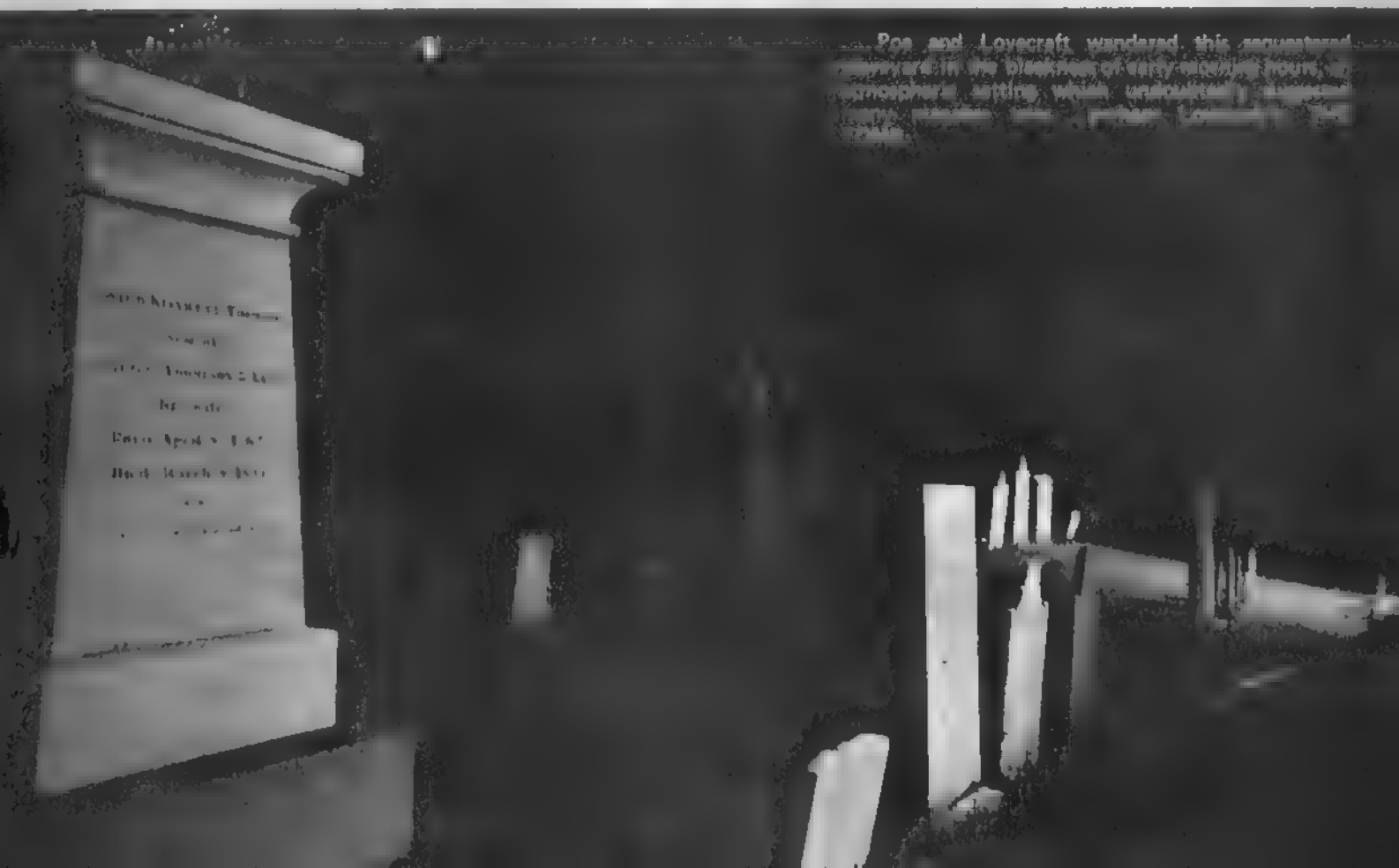
... " . . . past the churchyard, where there were no houses, I could see the hill's summit and watch the glimmer of stars on the harbour, though the town was invisible in the dark. . . . " - a passage that might well have been written in the sequestered graveyard behind St. John's church on North Main Street in Providence, where at 4 in the morning, Lovecraft would go and sit and write. Years before, Edgar Allan Poe sat with his woman - Sarah Helen Whitman - wooed and romanced her in this tiny and old place, where no tomb is a hundred and fifty years young. In this place I sat too at 4:00 a.m., alone but for the spectral company of Poe and Lovecraft.

It is a place where they were at home, near ageless timeless tombs that they imagined to open and thrust out lunatic occupants to terrorize the world of the living, a place where the wind blows perpetually within but not without; where noises issue from heaving grass underfoot; where to walk is to become terribly frightened of shadows and things behind. . . a place not at all on this earth.

It is not fitting that H. P. Lovecraft does not enjoy the reputation of Poe; history, we know, will correct this injustice. For the moment, it is perhaps enough that he is loved and cherished by the few hundred thousand who these days pour over his reprinted works. . . THE TOMB, BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP, FROM BEYOND, THE PICTURE IN THE HOUSE, THE TERRIBLE OLD MAN, THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN, THE NAMELESS CITY, THE OUTSIDER, HERBERT WEST, REANIMATOR, THE LURKING FEAR, THE RATS IN THE WALL, THE UNNAMEABLE, THE SHUNNED HOUSE, HE, THE HORROR AT RED HOOK, IN THE VAULT, THE CALL OF CTHULHU, PICKMAN'S MODEL, THE STRANGE HIGH HOUSE IN THE MIST, THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE, THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD, THE WHISPERER IN THE DARKNESS, THE SHADOW OF INNSMOUTH, AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS, THE DREAMS IN THE WITCH-HOUSE, THE THING ON THE DOORSTEP, THE SHADOW OUT OF TIME, THE HAUNTER IN THE DARK, and THE EVIL CLERGYMAN. . . to name a FEW. . .

We recommend the works of HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT. . . the 18th century gentleman who is the finest horror writer of this 20th century!

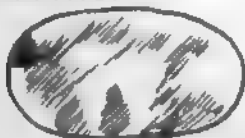
photos HEWETSON



this is the SLITHER-SLIME PAGE

...where macabre abomination gather and muddle to denounce the mad-emotional HORROR-MOOD... this lunatic expression of many weird MOOD-TEAM members who creep about on all fours searching out GARGOYLE EGGS...

ANNOUNCING: THE GREAT HORROR-MOOD GARGOYLE EGG CONTEST:



...to enter... write in 25 words or more why you WANT a gargoyle egg... that's all you have to do... we have TEN of them sitting on the archaic editor's desk and will award these awkward artifacts to the best ten entries... we will send the winners their gargoyle eggs in a small cardboard box through the mails... and we will publish excerpts from the winning entries...

along with the winner's names... if you wish an egg, better enter NOW... we know the response to this contest will be awfully overwhelming...

...speaking of things about to be hatched, here are some proposed doings of MOOD-TEAM members that'll shortly be scheduled for PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE publication...

...by EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY: 'HER MAJESTY... THE CORPSE', 'MAKE MEPHISTO'S CHILD BURN', 'OF FLUIDS POSSESSED', and 'THE BUTCHERED AT EARTH'S CORE'... four implosive usual tales of the weird from this demonic writer...

...by ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON: 'WELCOME TO MY ASYLUM' (an appropriate title we assure you), 'HICKORY DOCK, AN AWKWARD ANALOGY', 'THE WETNESS IN THE PIT', 'AND IT WHISPERED, AND IT WEPT, AND IT DID SHUDDER, AND IT DID DIE'... all tales to bend your PRIMAL SPINAL... but the LAST ONE there is gonna take your so-called bent primal and chop it into little tiny bits and EAT IT...

...by DYING DOUG MOENCH: 'THE DEATH OF THE 80TH VICTIM', 'NIGHT OF THE CORPSE BRIDE', and 'HIT AND RUN, MISS AND DIE'... Dying Doug is dying to dig into more for a new and exciting secret project we're workin' on, a project, we assure you, that's a lot more exciting than those AWFUL PUNS...

...by DROWNING DENNIS FUJITAKE: 'THE NIGHT OF THE MUTANT EATERS'... a tale about certain fetid fetuses who clamber out of their wormy womb just long enough to define the emotional HORROR-FOOD...

...by MACABRE MAELO CINTRON: 'ONLY THE STRONG SHALL SURVIVE', wherein this HUMAN GARGOYLE continued feature artist somewhat parodies LES MISERABLE, by Victor Hugo, in a tale that will become a CLASSIC...

...by PARANOIC PABLO MARCOS: 'THE BEAST IN HORROR-SWAMP'... we promised you we'd return to DARKKOS MANSION and we DO in its ORIGIN TALE scheduled for PSYCHO #11...

AC', by Awkward (and prolific too) Augustine Funnell of Gananogue, Ontario; several sketches from Don Hales of Verdun, Quebec; 'SPACESHIP 8765' and 'TO THE CALL OF DEATH' by Craig Hill of Redwood City, California; 'EXPERIMENT' and 'OBSESSED' by George Kremin of Chicago, Illinois; and a plentiful pound of monstrous artwork from Daniel Kiryelazja and Scot Miresinger of Medfiend, Massachussetts, ... would you like to see a HEAP SWEATSHIRT?...



...from you READER-WRITERS we continue to receive a number of weird and enjoyable stories... including a blood-sucking 'NIGHTMARE WORLD' TOO macabre to publish by James DelleCave of Naples, Florida; 'THERE'S A MONSTER IN ALL OF US MR. COLT', 'PINHEAD', 'HI-JACK', 'OUR EARTH IS DYING', 'THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT', and 'THE AMNESI-

... would you like to see MONSTER STAMPS from the pages of SKYWALD?...

...we apologize to Wayne Foskey of Cordele, Georgia for returning a piece of artwork to him that wasn't his... NOW... will the guy who drew an 'undersea thingie' and who signs his name Foskey (but who isn't) please write us if he wants his 'undersea thingie' back... and thanks to that same



Wayne Foskey fiend-friend for his excellent story: 'THREE OF A KIND'...

... meanwhile, Tommy Walker writes from Toledo, Ohio that "...THE SLITHER SLIME MAN" in PSYCHO #9 crept into my ventricle and stayed there for TWO DAYS..."

... while Leonardo Puccino dropped us a line from Boston, Massachusetts suggesting: "...Emotionally-disturbed Ed Fedory's 'QUESTION OF IDENTITY' in PSYCHO #9 was a superior story, while the artwork by ZESAR made it alive and become real to me..."

... Edward Wallace writes to us from Hattiesburg, Mississippi: "...I still can't get over the Ray Harryhausen feature in NIGHTMARE #7... it was beautiful..."

... Mike Phillips of Tornado, West Virginia writes: "...After having read PSYCHO #8, PSYCHO ANNUAL, NIGHTMARE #9 and the NIGHTMARE ANNUAL, I must say that you guys are doing a pretty good job. It seems to me that your new editor Alan (Archaic) Hewetson is writing over 50% of the story material but he is doing a terrific job of it. For some reason all of your artists seem to be foreigners but they too are really great. But please try to get more artists like Jeff Jones (see: 'ALL THE WAYS AND MEANS TO DIE' in PSYCHO #9), Mike Kaluta (see: 'THE MECHANICAL CANNIBALS' coming up shortly), Steve Hickman, etc. and make sure that Bruce Jones, (see: 'WILD GRAPES' coming up soon), Dennis Fujitake, (see: 'THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT' soon), Torrents, Dela Rosa, (see: 'PLOT OF DIRT' in PSYCHO #9), I really liked the Gargoyle story, make all future stories as good or better as the one in PSYCHO #8, Marcos, (see: 'THE PRINCESS OF EARTH' in NIGHTMARE #10, and 'THE WEIRD WAY IT

WAS' coming up soon) Cintron, (see: 'PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK OF PICKLED CORPSES' in this issue) and have him do a full-length strip (macabre Maelo is taking over the HUMAN GARGOYLES feature you just mentioned Mike), Zesar, (see: 'WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH?' coming up shortly), and Sostres (see: 'THE GHOUL' soon to be published) do much more work for you in the future... (you think we're on the right wave-length Mike? All those bracketted editorial notes kinda indicate we ARE!!) I really liked the 2 movie reviews in NIGHTMARE, but please try to review the very newest movies you can find. I am a big HAMMER FILM fanatic so do as many reviews on their new films as possible, such as HANDS OF THE RIPPER, TWINS OF EVIL, DRACULA TODAY, and so on, and feature the many sexy actresses which always appear in HAMMER PRODUCTIONS... all-over you're wonderful...

...THIS...
IS EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY



...NOBODY CAN EVER SAY THAT THE EXTRA-ORDINARY MOOD-TEAM ISN'T ALWAYS TRYING HARD TO PLEASE...RECENTLY EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED AND ARCHAIC AL SPENT ABOUT 4 HOURS COLLECTING GARGOYLE EGGS FOR 'THE GREAT HORROR-MOOD GARGOYLE EGG CONTEST...A CONTEST NOBODY INTERESTED IN MACABRE MEMORABILIA CAN AFFORD TO MISS...



... and on that letter, so ends our editorial letter column this issue, in which we try to report what YOU have to say...

... you have something to say? Write!

... till next issue...

R.I.P.

--archaic--



DAWN HAS NOT YET COME UPON THIS UNKNOWN PLACE... YET A MAN WHO IS A **HEAP** SHUDDERS FROM THE COLD NIGHT AIR... AND EVEN SO, HE IS NOT LONG OUT OF THE OCEAN AND HE IS STILL DAMP WITH THE ATLANTIC AND DEATH...



PABLO MARCOS

WHERE AM I...
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

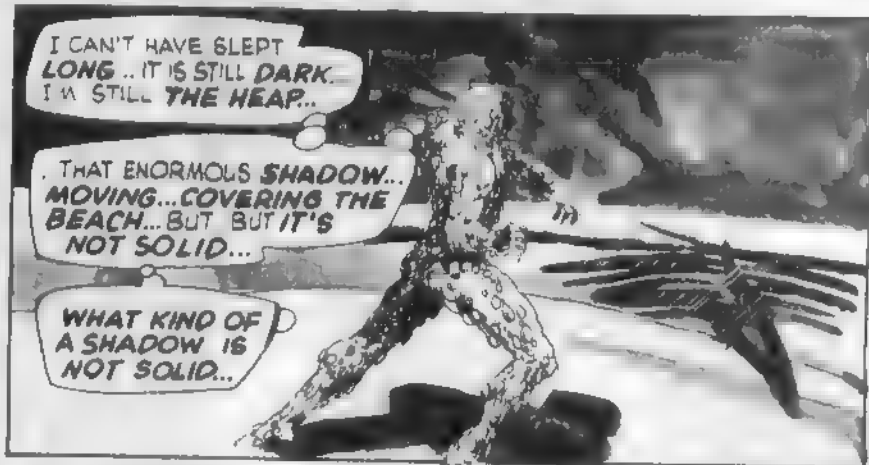
I REMEMBER...
A FIGHT... A
MONSTROUS SQUID...
NEARLY DROWNING...

THEN BEING
WASHED ASHORE
ON THIS ISLAND

I CAN'T HAVE SLEPT
LONG... IT IS STILL DARK.
I'M STILL THE HEAP...

THAT ENORMOUS SHADOW...
MOVING... COVERING THE
BEACH... BUT BUT IT'S
NOT SOLID...

WHAT KIND OF
A SHADOW IS
NOT SOLID...



by HEWETSON AND MARCOS

WHAT ON
EARTH...

IT'S NOT REAL...
IT CAN'T BE
REAL...

...LIKE SOMETHING
OUT THE DARK
PAST... BEFORE MAN
WAS BORN... A
PREHISTORIC BIRD...

.. BUT .. BUT IT CAN'T BE
ALIVE IT CAN'T BE
IT'S ONLY BONES...
JUST BONES...

THE HEAP



WNRRAADUKK

JUST **BONES** HEAP...
EVEN AS **YOU** ARE JUST
A **QUIVERING** MASS
OF **JELLY-LIKE**
SEMI-HUMANITY...

..YOU SPEAK OF **LIFE**
AS IF IT HAS A **MEANING**
FRIEND HEAP DO YOU
EVER THINK OF **DEATH**
SO SERIOUSLY ? PERHAPS
YOU **SHOULD**..FOR AS YOU
WILL **SOON LEARN**...

**EVEN
A 'HEAP
CAN DIE!**

AAAAEEEEAAEEHHH

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE ...

AYE... YOU WILL **SOON LEARN** HEAP, THAT THE
MATTER OF **LIFE AND DEATH** IS A **GAMBLE**
YOU TAKE FROM MOMENT TO MOMENT **DAY**
TO DAY... AND THAT TO TAKE FOR **GRANTED**
ANYTHING--LET ALONE YOUR VERY **LIFE**--
IS A MISTAKE YOU CAN ONLY MAKE **ONCE!**

IT'S **ALMOST** LIKE A
PTERODACTYL... AN
ANCIENT REPTILE-BIRD
THAT WAS NEARLY
EXTINCT BEFORE
MAN WALKED THIS
EARTH.

BUT IT CAN'T
BE **ALIVE**...

AND CERTAINLY NOT WITHOUT
A **BODY**... WITHOUT SOME KIND
OF **SUBSTANCE**... IT'S AGAINST
EVERY LAW OF NATURE...

... HAVE TO
FIGHT IT SOMEHOW
... EVEN THO IT'S SO
BIG IT **MUST BE**
FRAIL... PERHAPS
THAT'S THE **ANSWER**...

BUT I CAN'T
WRESTLE FREE OF
ITS **CLAWS**...

CONGRATULATIONS HEAP--YOU WIN
ROUND ONE... BUT DON'T SMILE TOO
PROUDLY, NOW AS YOU FALL TO THE GROUND
SURROUNDED BY THE **SHREDDED BONES**
OF THE THING YOU'VE JUST **DEMOLISHED**
... NO, NOT YET ...

... FOR **ROUND TWO** IS JUST COMING UP...

UUUUUUUUUU

DRAWING ME ACROSS
THE TOPS OF THE
TREES... I'M TOO
HEAVY FOR THE
THING TO GAIN
ANY **HEIGHT**...

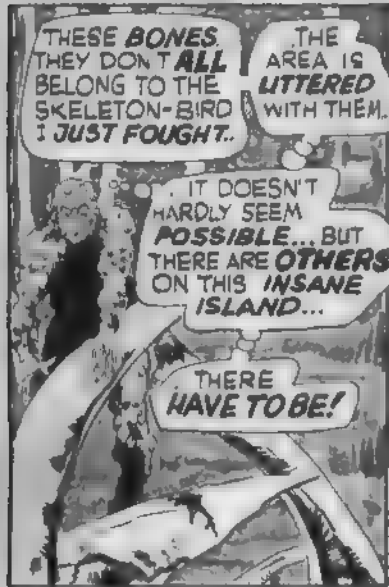
IF I COULD ONLY GRAB
ONE OF THE **TREES** I'D
HAVE A **CHANCE** BECAUSE

WHAT ON **EARTH**
CAN ABSORB THE
SHOCK OF BEING
SMASHED BY A **TREE**?

... AND **LIVE**?



ROUND TWO...



THESE BONES
THEY DON'T **ALL**
BELONG TO THE
SKELETON-BIRD
I JUST FOUGHT.

THE
AREA IS
LITTERED
WITH THEM...

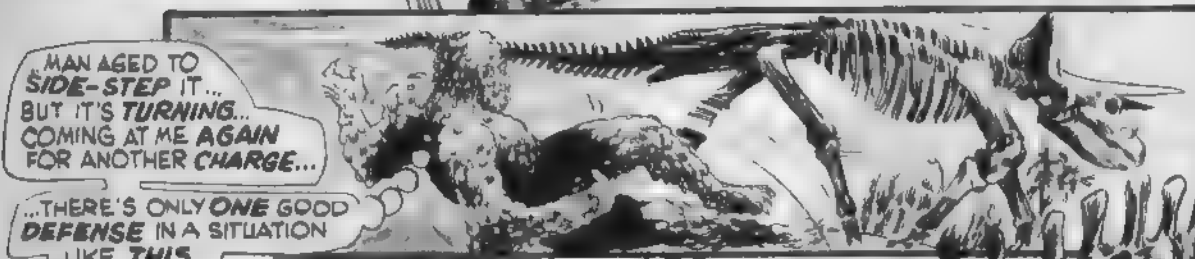
IT DOESN'T
HARDLY SEEM
POSSIBLE... BUT
THERE ARE **OTHERS**
ON THIS **INSANE**
ISLAND...

THERE
HAVE TO BE!

**GOOD
LORD!**

...IF THOSE
HORNS **CONNECT**
I'VE **HAD IT...**

...BUT IT'S MOVING
SO FAST...



MAN AGED TO
SIDE-STEP IT...
BUT IT'S **TURNING...**
COMING AT ME **AGAIN**
FOR ANOTHER **CHARGE...**

...THERE'S ONLY **ONE** GOOD
DEFENSE IN A SITUATION
LIKE **THIS...**



AND THAT'S
AN **OFFENSE!**

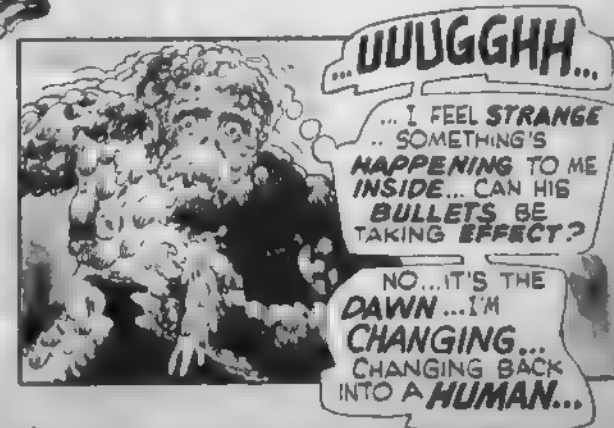
WWRRIINGG BBRRINGG

CLEAR YOUR **EYES** NOW
HEAP. WHAT UNFOLDS
BEFORE THEM IS **HARD**
TO **BELIEVE...** HARD TO
FATHOM FOR ONE WITH
EVEN **YOUR** EXPERIENCE

MY GUNFIRE HAS
NO EFFECT... THE
THING JUST SEEMS TO
ABSORB THE
BULLETS...



HE HOLDS THE
ANSWER... HE'S THE
ONLY THING OF **FLESH**
AND **BLOOD** THAT I'VE
SEEN ON THIS ISLAND...



UUUGGHH...

... I FEEL **STRANGE**
... SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING TO ME
INSIDE... CAN HIS
BULLETS BE
TAKING **EFFECT?**

NO... IT'S THE
DAWN... I'M
CHANGING...
CHANGING BACK
INTO A **HUMAN...**

THE BEAST CHANGES
BEFORE MY EYES...
CAN IT BE?...
...THAT IT CHANGES
INTO A MAN?

DON'T
SHOOT!

THEN COME NO
CLOSER... NOT
WITHOUT AN EXPLANATION
OF WHO... OR WHAT...
YOU CAN BE!

I AM WHAT
YOU SEE...

... A MAN...

MAYBE NOW
I CAN SPEAK
TO HIM AND FIND
OUT SOME
ANSWERS...

...IF HE DOESN'T
SHOOT ME FIRST...

CHANGED BY A
FREAK CHEMICAL
ACCIDENT INTO
THE THING YOU
JUST SAW...

BUT YOU
CHANGED...

I AM THIS BEAST BY NIGHT...
BUT WHEN COMES THE LIGHT
AND DAY I CHANGE AGAIN INTO A
MAN... BUT YOU MUST TELL ME...
WHAT IS THIS, THIS PLACE...
WHAT ARE THE SKELETON
MONSTERS... TELL ME!

I AM, JOHANN VAN WARNER...
THESE MASTERPIECES YOU
CALL MONSTERS ARE
MY CREATIONS...

...YEARS AGO... I WAS A
SPECIAL-EFFECTS
CREATOR IN YOUR
AMERICAN HOLLYWOOD
--I MADE 18 MOVIES...
THE FINEST--THE GREATEST
HORROR-ADVENTURE
FILMS EVER MADE...

I WAS THE ONLY ONE...
THE ONLY TRUE GENIUS
...I USED LIFE-SIZED
MODELS...

I WAS THE
ONLY ONE
WHO KNEW
THE SECRET
OF TRUE
ANIMATION!

BUT THEY THREW ME OUT...
BECAUSE I WAS TOO EXPENSIVE
FOR THEIR RIDICULOUS
BUDGETS! OF COURSE I WAS
EXPENSIVE, I WAS THE
BEST...

BUT THE
ISLAND?

I KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT WHERE
IT IS AS YOU DO, I WAS TRAVELLING
BACK TO MY NATIVE EUROPE WITH MY
CREATIONS WHEN THE SHIP COULD
NOT ENDURE THE VILE STORM THAT HIT US

THE
ATLANTIC
IS A
CRUEL
SEA...

THE REST I CAN GUESS
EASILY ENOUGH, BUT WHY
ATTACK ME WHY THE
PTERODACTYL... THESE
PREHISTORIC MONSTERS?...

YOU ARE A
BEAST... AN
ANIMAL... I HAD
TO ATTACK YOU...

...EVEN AS I MUST
RENDER YOU
HELPLESS NOW...

...UGGGGHHH...

ATTACKING ME
FROM BEHIND...
BONES DIGGING
INTO MY THROAT...

PERHAPS NOW YOU
WON'T LOOK UPON ME
WITH SUCH INSOLENCE...
LIKE ALL THE OTHERS
YOU THOUGHT ME
OLD AND FRAIL...

BUT IT IS THE
BRAIN THAT IS IMPORTANT
THE BRAIN...!

SUCH TALK OF THE IMPORTANCE OF USING ONE'S **BRAINS** IS NOT EXACTLY **ALIEN** TO YOU JIM ROBERTS! YOU HAVE **OFTEN** THOUGHT OF SUCH THINGS, AS THE BEING YOU SELF-CALL **THE HEAP**...IT IS A **PITY** YOU DO NOT RECOGNIZE THEIR **IMPORTANCE** NOW THAT YOU ARE A **MAN**...

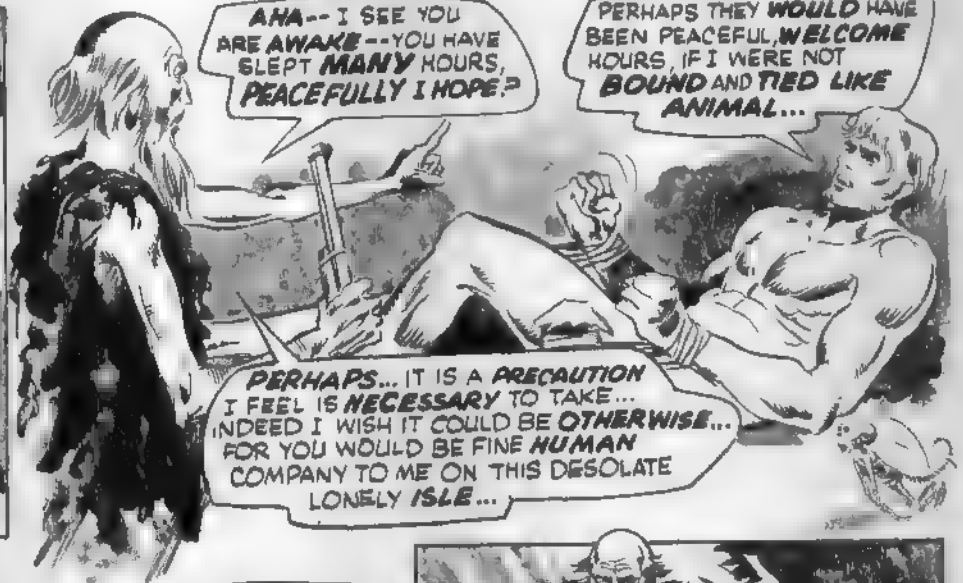


BUT **ENOUGH** OF OUR **PHILOSOPHIZING**...YOU CARE **NOT** AS YOU ARE **BOUND** AND **CARRIED** UNCONSCIOUS TO A **CAVE**...A PLACE OF **ASTONISHING HORROR** AS YOU WILL LEARN WHEN YOU **AWAKE**...



OH. THE PAIN IS **BARELY ENDURABLE**... GOT ME **TIED SO TIGHT** THE ROPES ARE **BURNING MY WRISTS**...

...WHAT PLACE IS **THIS** WHERE **SKELETONS** WALK ABOUT AS **MEN**?... WHERE THINGS-**GROTESQUE** ARE THE ONLY COMPANY OF A **SENILE OLD MAN**...



ANA-- I SEE YOU ARE AWAKE--YOU HAVE SLEPT **MANY HOURS**, **PEACEFULLY I HOPE?**

PERHAPS THEY **WOULD** HAVE BEEN **PEACEFUL, WELCOME** HOURS, IF I WERE NOT **BOUND AND TIED LIKE ANIMAL**...

PERHAPS... IT IS A **PRECAUTION** I FEEL IS **NECESSARY** TO TAKE... INDEED I WISH IT COULD BE **OTHERWISE**... FOR YOU WOULD BE FINE **HUMAN** COMPANY TO ME ON THIS **DESOLATE LONELY ISLE**...



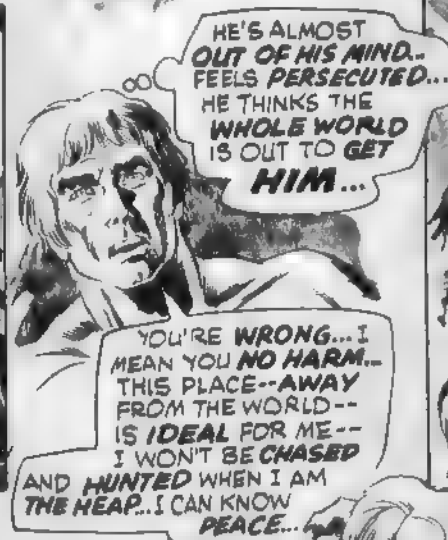
BUT WHY DO YOU FEEL I'M A **THREAT**. I SHOW NO **ANIMOSITY** TOWARDS YOU...

SO YOU SAY! YOU ARE **BOUND AND HELPLESS**... BUT WHAT WILL BE THE STORY IF I SHOULD SET YOU **FREE**...

A **SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART?** A **SUDDEN FIT OF ANGER?**... AND THEN...

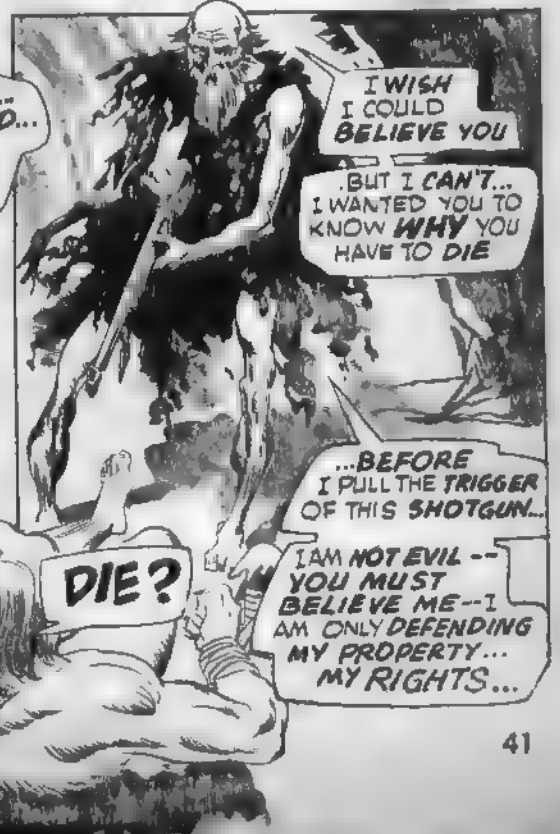
THEN WHAT?

THEN YOU TURN ON ME...AND MY **PETS**... MY **COMPANIONS**...



HE'S ALMOST **OUT OF HIS MIND**... FEELS **PERSECUTED**... HE THINKS THE **WHOLE WORLD** IS OUT TO GET **HIM**...

YOU'RE **WRONG**...I MEAN YOU **NO HARM**... THIS PLACE--AWAY FROM THE **WORLD**-- IS **IDEAL** FOR ME-- I WON'T BE **CHASED** AND **HUNTED** WHEN I AM **THE HEAP**...I CAN KNOW **PEACE**...



I WISH I COULD **BELIEVE** YOU

BUT I CAN'T... I WANTED YOU TO KNOW **WHY** YOU HAVE TO **DIE**

...BEFORE I PULL THE **TRIGGER** OF THIS **SHOTGUN**...

DIE?

I AM **NOT EVIL** -- YOU MUST **BELIEVE** ME--I AM ONLY **DEFENDING** MY **PROPERTY**... MY **RIGHTS**...



ROUND THREE HEAP...



BUT THE BULLET... UGH... UGH... LORD--THE BULLET IS INSIDE ME... INSIDE THE BODY OF THE HEAP!

HE DOESN'T DIE... HE BECOMES THE ANIMAL AGAIN...



MURDEROR... IF I HAVE TO DIE... I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME!

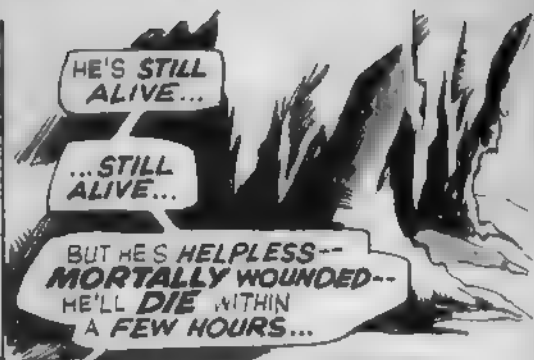
“UUUGGGHHH”

IT FALLS ON ME... THE WEIGHT... SO HEAVY... CRUSHING ME!



HE'S UNCONSCIOUS...

THE WEIGHT SAWFUL...
IF I CAN ONLY CRAWL
OUT FROM UNDER HIM...



HE'S STILL
ALIVE...

...STILL
ALIVE...

BUT HE'S HELPLESS--
MORTALLY WOUNDED--
HE'LL **DIE** WITHIN
A FEW HOURS...



BLOOD...

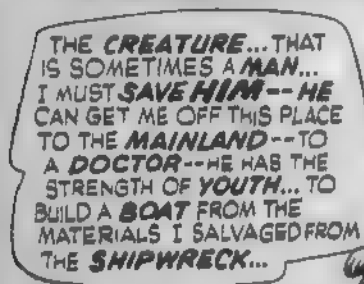
WHEN HE FELL ON
ME HE MUST'VE, MUST'VE
BROKEN MY ARM... I CAN'T
MOVE IT... IT'S BROKEN!

WITHOUT MEDICAL HELP...
THAT HAS TO BE **FATAL**...
IT **HAS** TO BE...

I NEED HELP! GOT TO
GET OFF THE ISLAND...
GET TO A DOCTOR...
BUT HOW?



...PAIN IN
MY ARM...
WHAT?...



THE CREATURE... THAT
IS SOMETIMES A MAN...
I MUST **SAVE HIM**-- HE
CAN GET ME OFF THIS PLACE
TO THE **MAINLAND**-- TO
A DOCTOR-- HE HAS THE
STRENGTH OF YOUTH... TO
BUILD A **BOAT** FROM THE
MATERIALS I SALVAGED FROM
THE **SHIPWRECK**...



BUT
HOW CAN
I SAVE
HIM...

I HAVE TO
GET THE
BULLET
OUT
SOMEHOW...
BRING HIM
BACK TO
LIFE...

ARM STILL
BLEEDING...
MUST BIND IT
UP **SOMEHOW...**
IF I LOSE ANY
MORE BLOOD
I WON'T EVEN
LAST 'TILL
MORNING
MYSELF...

HE'S SMASHED ALL MY
COMPANIONS... MY
CREATIONS... DON'T HAVE
STRENGTH TO LIFT HIM
MYSELF... HAVE TO
OPERATE ON THE
FLOOR...



CAN'T CUT THROUGH HIS
FLESH... TOO TOUGH HOW
CAN I CUT OUT THE **BULLET**
WHEN I CAN'T EVEN CUT INTO
HIS **CHEST** WITH AN INSTRUMENT
AS SHARP AS A **RAZOR** --

IF YOU HAVE ANY **FONDNESS**
FOR THE HEAP, DEAR READER,
BETTER **PRAY FOR HIM...**
BECAUSE THIS DEPRAVED
OLD IDIOT... THIS **SENILE**
FOOL WHO NOW ATTEMPTS
TO **SAVE HIS LIFE** HAS ALL
THE ODDS AGAINST HIM...
EVERY ODD IN THE
BOOK--AND RIGHT
ABOUT NOW HEAP
NEEDS OUR PRAYERS!

HAVE YOU EVEN DREAMED OF SUCH LUNACY?

HAVE TO **SAW HIM OPEN**... COULD DRILL A **HOLE** WITH MY **HAND-DRILL** BUT I'D NEED **TWO HANDS** HAVE TO **SAW THRU**...

.. IT **WORKS**... BUT HE'S BLEEDING **PROFUSELY**... THE **STENCH** FROM THE **INSIDE** OF THIS **INHUMAN ANIMAL** IS **HORRENDOUS**...



I **SEE IT**... NOW IF I CAN **ONLY PICK**...



...**PROBE**... **PULL IT**... A **LITTLE MORE**...



GOT IT!

NOW MUST **WAIT THE DAWN**... **PRAY** THAT IN THE **MORNING** HE'LL... OH MY... MY **ARM**... **TEARING AT ME**... **LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD**... I...I...

MANY HOURS LATER AS THE **DAWN** RISES FROM THE **OCEAN** A **STRANGE CHANGE** TAKES PLACE... AND THEN AN **AWAKENING**...

I'M **STILL ALIVE**... CHANGING BACK TO **JIM ROBERTS**...

I'M **BANDAGED**... ON THE **FLOOR** THE OLD MAN-- **CLUTCHING A BULLET**-- THAT CAN **ONLY** HAVE COME FROM **MY GUT**.

HE **SAVED ME**... BUT HE'S **DEAD**! **BLOOD** IN A **POOL** AROUND HIS **ARM**-- I MUST'VE **INJURED HIM** WHEN I **FELL**.

BUT HE **SAVED ME**-- MUST'VE HAD A **CHANGE OF HEART**-- SEEN THE **ERROR** OF HIS **ACTIONS**... THE **INJUSTICE**!

PERHAPS HE WAS **LONELY**... **REALIZED** I **SPOKE THE TRUTH**. BUT HE **DIED TOO SOON**... **TOO SOON**!

HE MIGHT HAVE BECOME A **FRIEND**... MY **ONLY FRIEND** IN THIS **WORLD**-- WE COULD HAVE **LIVED ON THIS ISLAND TOGETHER**... KNOWN A **LITTLE PEACE**...



...A **KIND OF COMPANIONSHIP**... **FRIENDSHIP**... BUT HE'S **DEAD**!

...AND I'M **ALONE STRANDED**... IN THE **MIDDLE OF NOWHERE**!



YOU WIN **ROUND THREE** **HEAP**, AFTER A **FASHION**, FOR YOU ARE **RIGHT** IN SAYING YOU'RE **ALONE** AND IN THE **MIDDLE OF A LOT OF NOTHING**-- BUT **BEST** YOU THINK THIS BE YOUR **CIRCUMSTANCE FOR LONG**... YOU'RE **WRONG**... FOR THE **BELL** WILL **SOON RING** TO START THE **ROUND AGAIN**... IN!

THE SHIP OF FIENDS!
AND
THE WEREWOLF WITHIN!

NEXT ISSUE...

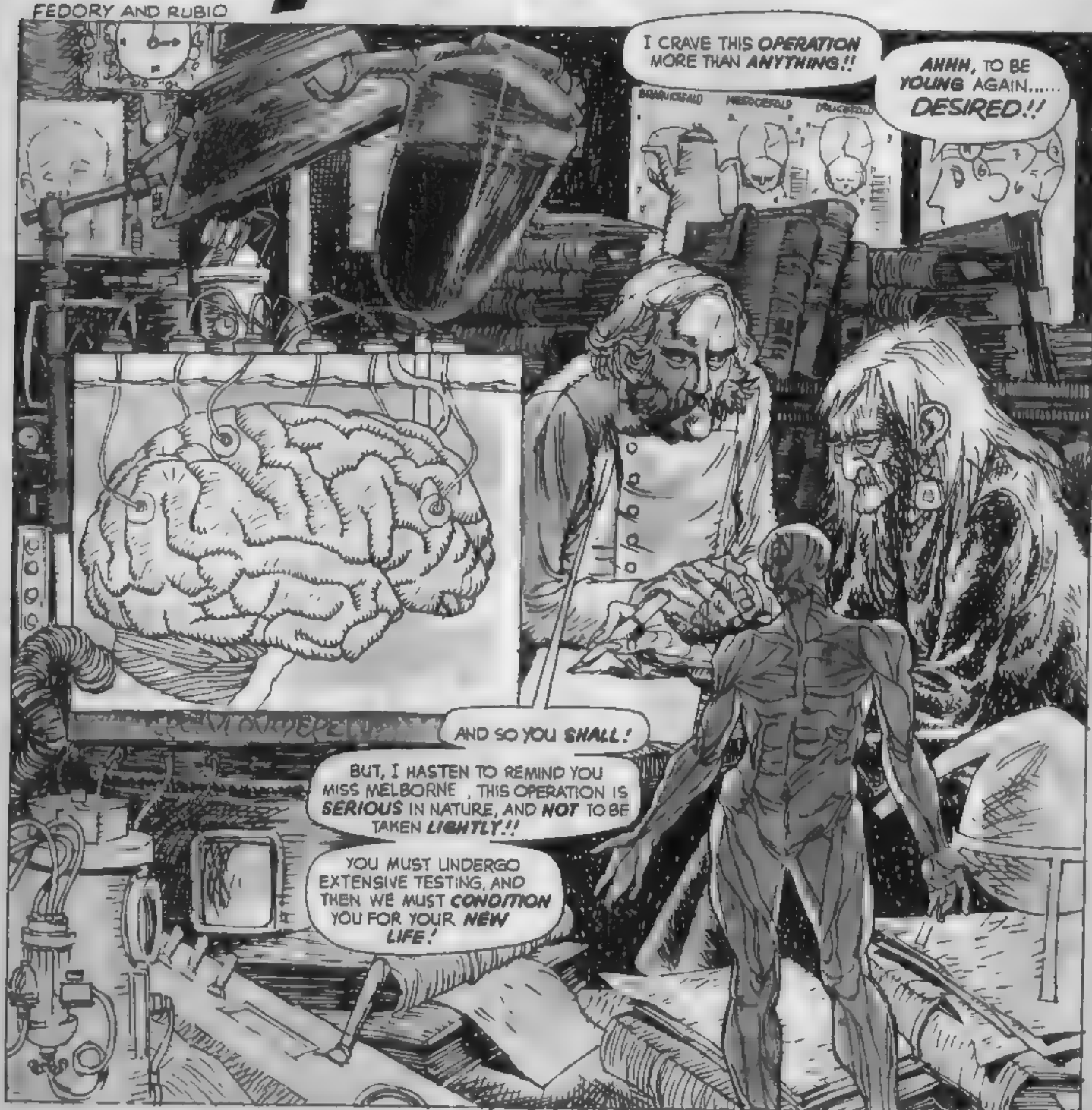
WITHIN THE **STERILE** CONFINES OF A DOCTOR'S OFFICE--SEALED BEHIND LOCKED DOORS--SPEAKING IN A HUSHED VOICE, LONG DEVOID OF ANY **CHARM** OR **BEAUTY**, SITS **GLORIA MELBORNE**... **QUEEN OF THE SILENT SCREEN!**

HER ONCE **YOUTHFUL** FACE, AND **FIRM** BODY HAVE **FALLEN** BEFORE THE **ONSLAUGHT** OF **MAVENOUS TIME!!** BUT, EVER-**PRESENT HOPE**, STILL REMAINS!

THE PEN, HELD IN THE **FEEBLE GRASP** OF **LOOSE MUSCLES**, IS HER KEY TO A **NEW LIFE**. SHE HAS BUT TO SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE FOR.....

.....THE TRANSPLANT!!!!

FEDORY AND RUBIO





TIME, IS A COMMODITY I CANNOT WASTE!!

I NEED THIS
OPERATION.....

...I WANT IT NOW!!!

I'M PAYING YOU
A FORTUNE, SO
GET A LITTLE
SPRING IN.....

YOUR **IMPATIENCE** IS ONLY
SURPASSED BY YOUR **VULGAR**
INGRATITUDE!!

ONLY I CAN PERFORM THIS
OPERATION TO **SATISFACTION....**

... **SEEK ANOTHER**
SURGEON, AND YOU
SHALL WIND UP **JUST**
SO MUCH COLD
MEAT ON A
GRANITE SLAB!!!

IF YOU WISH TO RE-CAPTURE LOST
YOUTH, YOU **MUST OBEY!**

IN THE MONTHS TO COME YOU
WILL HAVE THE TESTS...

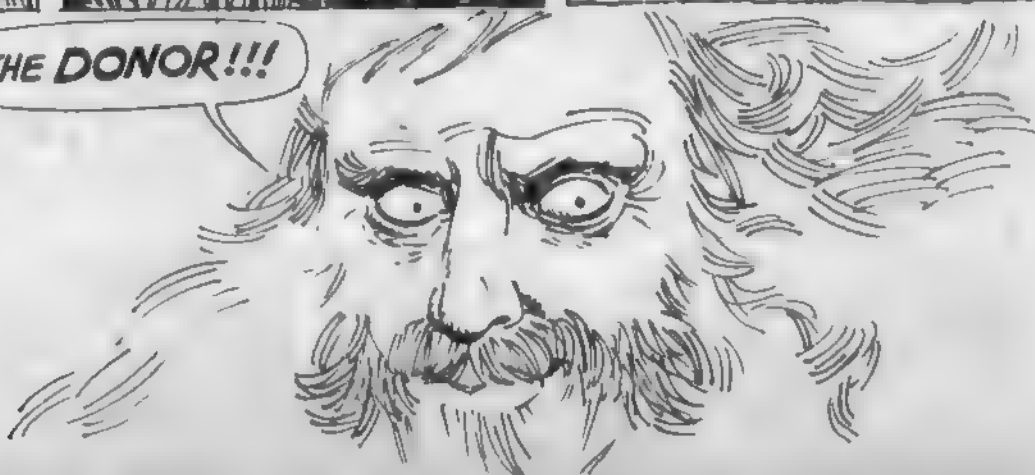
...WHILE KEEPING
THAT **VILE TONGUE**
ENCASED WITHIN
THAT **AGED**
MOUTH!!

BESIDES, WE MUST **WAIT 'TIL THE MOST**
IMPORTANT ELEMENT OF THE
OPERATION IS FOUND!



WHAT IS
THAT??

THE DONOR!!!



WHILE THE ARCHAIC "FEMME FATALE" WAS CONDITIONED AND TESTED, THE GRIM NEMESIS OF TIME PRESSED STEADILY ONWARD.... GRINDING TISSUE AND BONE TO ELDRITCH DECAY, UNTIL.....

LOOKS LIKE BENSON IS GOING TO BE HAPPY TONIGHT!

YEAH, THE MEAT-WAGON FINALLY BROUGHT HIS "PACKAGE"!

BRING THE "TISSUE" TO THE OPERATING ROOM!!

...HURRY!!!

SCANT SECONDS LATER.....

QUICKLY, PUT IT ON THE OPERATING TABLE!!

THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!!!

AS THE PLASTIC SHEET IS REMOVED, ITS HIDDEN CHARGE IS REVEALED.....

THE BODY IS READY, DOCTOR.

I HAVE SPENT HALF MY LIFE DEVELOPING THIS OPERATION FOR SCIENCE!

NOW IT HAS BEEN CHEAPENED TO A MIRACLE CURE FOR VAIN, OLD HAGS!!!

IS THERE NO JUSTICE!??

WE CAN BE SURE, MISS MELBORNE WILL BE HAPPY WITH BOTH OF US!!

IT SEEMS A CRIME, THAT THIS BEAUTIFUL BODY SHOULD HOUSE THAT PARASITIC BRAIN!!

NURSE-READY THE BODY!!



SAW!!

THE DEAD, UNNEEDED BRAIN OF THE DONOR HAS BEEN THROWN TO THE EVER BURNING FIRES OF THE HOSPITAL'S FURNACE! ALL SHATTERED REMNANTS OF HER PAST..... DISCARDED!! ONLY THE HOUSING OF THE BEING, THAT FLESH MONUMENT, REMAINS.....

.....WAITING BUT TO SERVE
ANOTHER MISTRESS!!!

IT'S STRUGGLING.....IT'S GOING TO DIE!!!

ADRENALIN!!!!

GET THE
ELECTRODES
READY!!!



QUICK, BRING THE
PLASMA BATH!!

OKAY, LET'S
GET MOVING!!

WE STILL HAVE TO
IMPLANT THE BRAIN.

FORBES, GET
RID OF THAT MASS
OF WRINKLED
TISSUE, AND GET US
MORE PLASMA!!!

SEVERAL WEEKS FOLLOWING THE **TRANSPLANT**, THE **RESULTS** ARE ABOUT TO BE **VIEWED**. **MEMORIES** ARE PUT ASIDE, AS GLORIA MELBORNE LAYS THE DESIGNS FOR THE **FUTURE**.....



HURRY, DOCTOR!!

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE "NEW" ME!!!

YOUR VOICE 'S BEAUTIFUL!

NO DOUBT, YOU WILL BE EQUALLY HAPPY WITH YOUR NEW FACE!!

SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN!



SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL... I AM BEAUTIFUL!!!

THE WIG! BRING ME THE WIG!!



ONE THING PUZZLES ME!

WHY SHOULD A GRL, AS LOVELY AS THIS....

...COMMIT SUICIDE??!



INDEED, IT IS A **MYSTERY**! BUT, IT IS ONE THAT SHOULD NOT BOTHER YOU

PERHAPS HER MIND WAS DISEASED!



DON'T WORRY YOURSELF, DOC! I'LL BE THERE!!

LET'S FORGET THE **MYSTERIES** FOR AWHILE, AND DISCUSS SOME FACTS!

POST-OPERATIVE PROCEDURE REQUIRES YOU TO REPORT FOR A CHECK-UP AT LEAST ONCE A **MONTH**.

THIS IS OUR **LAST** MEETING TILL YOU ARE RELEASED TOMORROW, SO **REMEMBER**, AT LEAST ONCE A **MONTH**!!



THE MONTHS PRESSED STEADILY ON. THE HOT AUGUST DAYS FELL BEFORE THE CRISP OCTOBER AIR. DECEMBER SNOWS BLANKETED THE GROUND, SOON TO MELT UNDER APRIL'S WARM CARESS THROUGHOUT THESE LONG MONTHS, NO WORD WAS HEARD OF THE ELUSIVE PATIENT, UNTIL BENSON HEFTED THE BURDEN TO HIS SHOULDERS, AND SOUGHT HER OUT.....

MISS MELBORNE
..... ARE YOU IN
HERE??!

YES, IN
THE SITTING
ROOM!

WHY ARE YOU IN THE DARK??

NNOOOO!!

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL
SPRING DAY...
YOU SHOULD
ENJOY IT!

LET A LITTLE
SUNSHINE
IN!

WHY
NOT??

BECAUSE I HAVE LEARNED
THE HIDEOUS TRUTH TO A
SECRET!!

THE GIRL.... SHE KNEW
SHE KNEW!!!

I WAS NOT HER
MIND THAT WAS
DISEASED.....

...IT WAS HER
BODY!!!

...LEPROSY!!!!

MY
GAAAWWWDDDD!!

PER 72



In 1931 Boris Karloff brought FRANKENSTEIN to the SCREAM SCREEN for the first time. Karloff portrayed the pitiful creation of Mary Shelley, a weird writer of the 19th century who wrote her masterpiece within a few months in a contest with her poet husband in 1816, Percy Bythe Shelley. The creature of Dr. Frankenstein's experiments was never really named in the original novel... although the monster was characterized as the possessor of real and awful human emotions and torments. In the following selection by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the Doctor (Victor Frankenstein), is about to begin his experiments... and describes the creature to be thus:

"when I found so astonishing a power placed within my hands I hesitated a long time concerning the manner in which I should employ it. Although I possessed the capacity of bestowing animation, yet to prepare a frame for the reception of it, with all its intricacies of fibers, muscles, and veins, still remained a work of inconceivable difficulty and labor. I doubted at first whether I should attempt the creation of a being like myself, or one of simpler organization, but my imagination was too much exalted by my first success to permit me to doubt of my ability to give life to an animal as complex and wonderful as man. The materials at present within my command hardly appeared adequate to so arduous an undertaking, but I doubted not that I should ultimately succeed. I prepared myself for a multitude of reverses. My operation might be incessantly baffled, and at last my work be imperfect. Yet when I considered the improvement which every day takes place in science and mechanics, I was encouraged to hope my present attempts would at least lay the foundations of future success. Nor could I consider the magnitude and complexity of my plan as any argument of its impracticability. It was with these feelings that I began the creation of a human being. As the minuteness of the parts formed a great hindrance to my speed, I resolved, contrary to my first intention, to make the being of gigantic stature. That is to say, ABOUT EIGHT FEET IN HEIGHT, and proportionately large. After having formed this determination, and having spent some months in successfully collecting and arranging my materials, I BEGAN..."





**SCREAM
SCREEN:
...A LEERING
LOOK AT THE
FRANKENSTEIN
MONSTER...
KARLOFF**



POSTERS

FROM HOLLYWOOD'S DEEPEST, DARKEST VAULTS COME **LUGOSI** AND **KARLOFF** IN THESE ORIGINAL 1930'S MOVIE POSTERS OF THE 2 GREATEST HORROR FILMS EVER IMAGINABLE... (ONLY \$1.50 EACH PLUS 35¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING)



FRANKENSTEIN-GAZE DEEP INTO THE MAD-MONSTER'S BROODING EYES AS THEY HANG HORRIBLY-STARING AT YOU-FROM YOUR DEN OR BEDROOM WALL... THIS IS THE FILM THAT MADE **BORIS KARLOFF** A **HORROR-MASTER!**



DRACULA- INVITE YOUR GHOUL FIEND UP TO YOUR DEN OR BATHROOM TO SEE THIS ASTONISHING ORIGINAL MOVIE ETCHING OF **BELA LUGOSI** AND **SHE'LL CLAMBER** INTO YOUR AWAITING COFFIN FASTER'N YOU CAN PRY OPEN THE **LID!**

PHOTOGRAPHS

...COLLECT THESE MANIACAL MEMORY MOMENTS FROM THE LUNATIC PAGES OF **PSYCHO** AND **NIGHTMARE** (...PLUS A NEW LEERING LOOK AT **LON CHANEY'S** INSANE **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** BY **SKYWALD'S** OWN MADMAN... **PARANOID PABLO MARCOS**...

...THESE ARE GENUINE HIGH-GLOSS, LOW-COST **REAL 8"x10"** PHOTOGRAPHS, AND OUR SUPPLY IS **LIMITED**... SO GET YOUR ORDER IN **NOW**... SEND IN \$1.25 FOR EACH PHOTO YOU'D LIKE... AND ADD 35¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING ON YOUR TOTAL ORDER... (ALL ORDERS REQUIRE 3 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING)... A CHEAP PRICE TO PAY FOR SOMETHING AS **WEIRD** AND **MAGNIFICENT** AS THESE **BIZARRE BLOW-UPS**...



#1 THE WEREWOLF WILL RIP INTO YOUR CHOKING THROAT LIKE A FIEND OUT OF HELL!



#2 FROM UNDER THE SANDS OF EGYPT CREEPS AN AWFUL THING OF ULTIMATE DEATH... **THE MUMMY!**



#3 ONE OF THE GREATEST PORTRAITS EVER CONCOCTED OF A THING OF EVIL ... **THE GRAVEGHOUL!**



#4..PARANOID PABLO MARCOS' CONCEPTION OF THE MOST MACABRE THING EVER TO CRAWL OUT OF THE **DEPTHS...**

THESE ARE GREAT FOR:

PIN-UPS

WALL FRAMES

GIFTS (WEDDINGS

BAR-MITZVAHS
AND FUNERALS)

WALLS (DUNGEONS

BEDROOMS

AND THEATER

SCREENS WHEN THE

MANAGER ISN'T

LOOKING)

PUBLIC WASHROOMS

RECREATION ROOMS

PARKS

3 RING BINDER COVERS

DESKS, CLOSETS,

REFRIGERATORS...

...CERTAIN KINDS OF...

CHAIRS

UNDERNEATH CARPETS

ON CEREAL BOXES

FOLD THEM UP AND

PUT THEM INTO...

WALLETS

MUTANTS

TREES

SMALL RESTAURANTS

AND MANY OTHER

PLACES WE'D

RATHER NOT

MENTION...

**ABSOLUTELY
GUARANTEED**

AGAINST SHRINKAGE
FOR 3 WEEKS...

**THIS IS THE
ONLY PLACE
YOU CAN GET
THEM:**

SKYWALD POSTERS AND PHOTO DEPARTMENT

18 EAST 41st STREET, Rm 1501, NEW YORK CITY N.Y. 10017

...I HAVE DECIDED TO CREEP INTO THE HORROR-MOOD
AND, HENCE, ENCLOSE \$ _____ IN ARCHAIC CASH FOR:

POSTERS: FRANKENSTEIN ☐ DRACULA ☐

PHOTOS: #1 ☐ #2 ☐ #3 ☐ #4 ☐ #5 ☐ #6 ☐

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

ZIP



#5... CREEPING OUT OF THE SILENT FILM
ERA COMES LON CHANEY'S FINEST
FILM MOMENT... **THE PHANTOM OF
THE OPERA!**...



#6... BY BAD BILL EVERETT. THE WEIRDEST
HUMAN TRAGEDY EVER TO EVEN
BREATHE... **THE USUAL-UNUSUAL
HEAP!**...

PARANOIC
POSTERS

AND

PATHETIC
PHOTOS

OF THE
MAD-EMOTIONAL
BRAIN-IMPLOSIVE

**HORROR-
MOOD**

DESIGNED TO

CRIPPLE

YOUR

PRIMAL-SPINAL

AND SEND IT

CRAWLING

INTO

OTHER-EARTHS

WHERE IT WILL PROBABLY

SHATTER

INTO

LITTLE

≡BITS≡



I LOVE YOU...

OH GOD, HOW I LOVE YOU...

I LOVE YOU...

OH GOD, HOW I LOVE YOU...



YOU DISGUST ME-- YOU FIEND...

YOU MUST BE MINE-- DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? MY LIFE IS MEANINGLESS WITHOUT YOU...

YOU MUST BE MINE-- DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? MY LIFE IS MEANINGLESS WITHOUT YOU...



HOW CAN I LOVE YOU-- YOU MURDERED MY HUSBAND... ABDUCTED MY CHILDREN IN ORDER TO LURE ME HERE...

BUT I NEEDED YOU-- I NEED YOUR TOUCH... YOUR LOVE...

BUT I NEEDED YOU-- I NEED YOUR TOUCH... YOUR LOVE...



I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING MORE REPULSIVE!

BUT I NEED YOU... I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU!

BUT I NEED YOU... I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU!

THEN THE SOLUTION APPEARS TO LIE...



... IN YOUR DEATH!

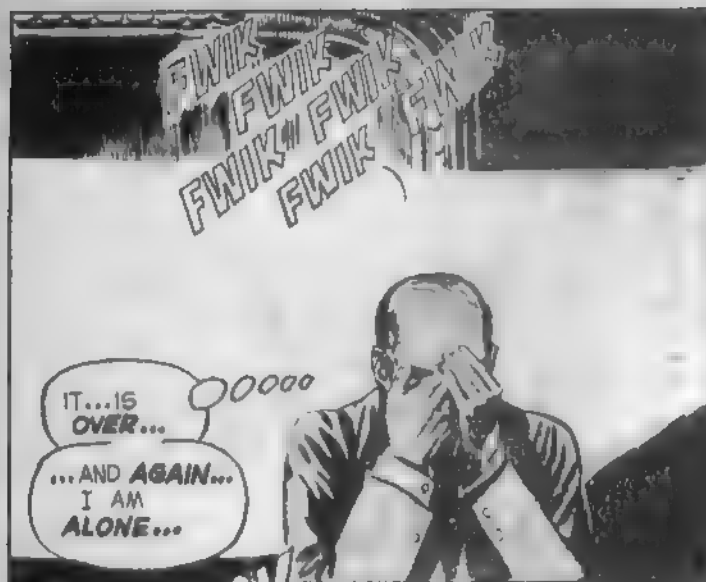
UGHH... GOD... THE PAIN... YOU ARE LIKE ALL THE OTHERS... MURDERESS...

UGHH... GOD... THE PAIN... YOU ARE LIKE ALL THE OTHERS... MURDERESS...

THIS BIZARRE PLACE YOU NOW VISIT IS THE UNREAL WORLD OF THE REAL... THE SILVER CINEMA... WHERE MANY DREAMS WERE ONCE BORN THAT HAVE SINCE VANISHED AND DIED... BUT NOT ALL... SOME DREAMS LIVE NEARLY FOREVER...

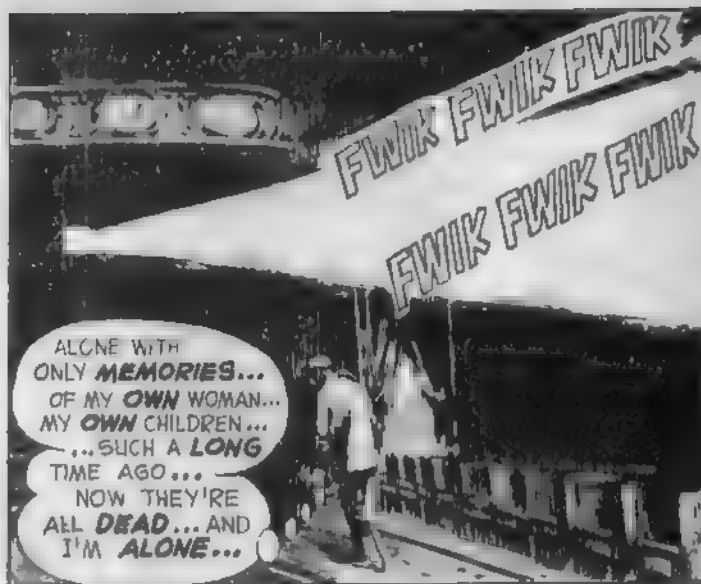
...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

TIGHTROPE TO NOWHERE

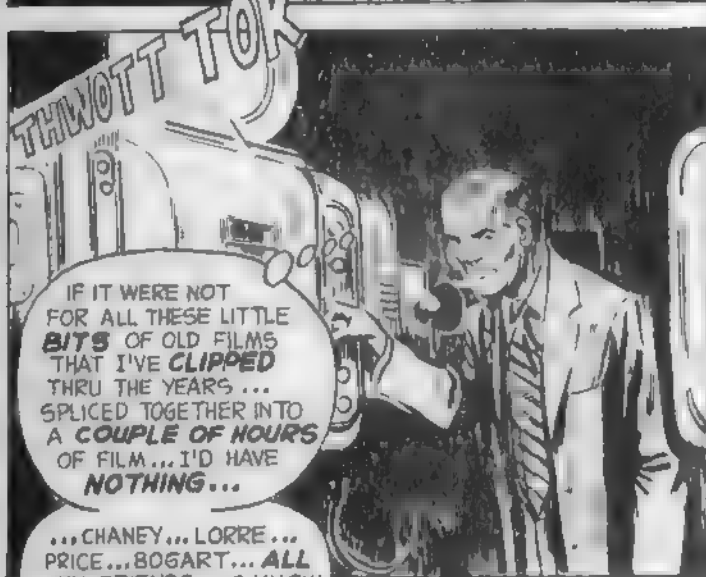


IT...IS
OVER...

...AND AGAIN...
I AM
ALONE...



ALONE WITH
ONLY **MEMORIES...**
OF MY **OWN WOMAN...**
MY **OWN CHILDREN...**
...SUCH A **LONG**
TIME AGO...
NOW THEY'RE
ALL **DEAD...** AND
I'M **ALONE...**



IF IT WERE NOT
FOR ALL THESE LITTLE
BITS OF OLD FILMS
THAT I'VE **CLIPPED**
THRU THE YEARS...
SPICED TOGETHER INTO
A **COUPLE OF HOURS**
OF FILM... I'D HAVE
NOTHING...

...CHANEY... LORRE...
PRICE... BOGART... **ALL**
MY FRIENDS... I KNOW
EVERY WORD BY
HEART...



AND NOW THEY
WANT TO TAKE THEM
AWAY FROM ME...

...TEAR DOWN MY
THEATER...

...MAKE IT INTO A
PARKING LOT...

...AND PUT **ME**
IN A **GRAVE...**



... BETTE DAVIS ... LANA
TURNER ... MAE WEST ...
NATALIE WOOD ...
ALL MY WOMEN...

... **ALL MINE TO**
LOVE...



I WON'T LET THEM!

PERHAPS THE THEATER **ISN'T**
MINE... MAYBE I **DON'T**
OWN IT... BUT I
HAVE **RIGHTS!**

FORTY
YEARS I WORKED
HERE... **SWEATING**
EVERY NIGHT IN
THIS **STINKING,**
HUMID PROJECTION
ROOM...

IT BELONGS TO
ME AS MUCH AS IT
BELONGS TO
ANYBODY... AND I
WILL **PROTECT MY**
PROPERTY!



NO...I WON'T **LET** THEM
TAKE MY THEATER AWAY FROM
ME...I HAVE NOWHERE
ELSE TO **GO**...

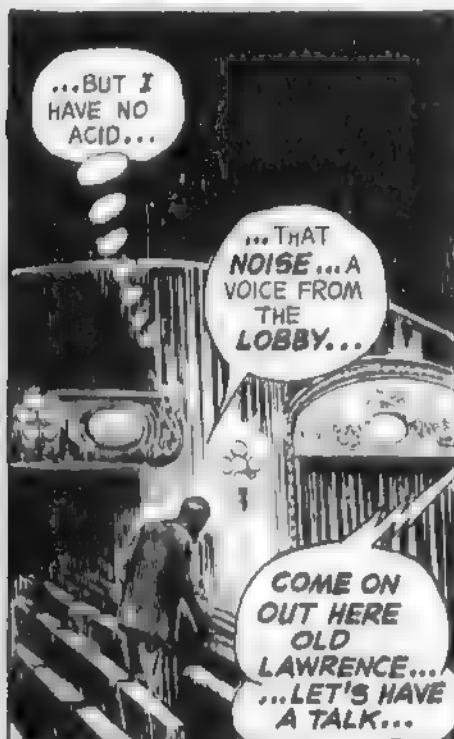
...NO OTHER
FRIENDS
TO HELP
ME...



THE **HUNCHBACK**...
NOW **THERE** WAS A
MAN WHO KNEW HOW
TO PROTECT HIS...
POSSESSIONS...

...**QUASIMODO**...THE
SUB-HUMAN **HUNCHBACK**...

...WHEN
THE **GOLDIERS**
CAME TO TAKE HIS
BELOVED **ESMERALDA**
HE FOUGHT THEM FROM
THE RAMPARTS OF THE
CATHEDRAL...
DROPPING BOILING
ACID ON THEIR
HEADS...



...BUT I
HAVE NO
ACID...

...THAT
NOISE...A
VOICE FROM
THE
LOBBY...

COME ON
OUT HERE
OLD
LAWRENCE...
...LET'S HAVE
A TALK...



YOU...

YOU DARE COME
HERE...**YOU**--
WHO THREATEN TO
TAKE MY VERY
HOME FROM
ME?

ALRIGHT...
JUST **RELAX**
OLD MAN...

RELAX?

...HOW DO I
RELAX WHEN
YOU'RE ABOUT
TO THROW ME
OUT INTO THE
STREET?



THAT'S ENOUGH!

MY **FATHER** MAY
HAVE LIKED YOU
ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU
ON THRU A HUNDRED-
THOUSAND
DRUNKEN
STUPORS
...BUT NOT
ME...

...AND I
DON'T **NEED** A
PROJECTIONIST
ANYMORE...
ANYWAY...
THE THEATER'S
CLOSED...
HAS BEEN
FOR
MONTHS...



YOU'D HAVE **SEEN**
THAT IF YOU WEREN'T
SO WRAPPED UP IN
YOUR **FANTASY**
WORLD...

...NOW YOU'D BETTER BE
OUT BY THE **MORNING**...
BECAUSE THE **WRECKERS**
ARE COMING THEN...

...AND THEY'LL TAKE THIS
PLACE APART **BRICK BY**
BRICK-- IF YOU'RE
STILL IN IT...THEY'LL
TAKE YOU APART
TOO!

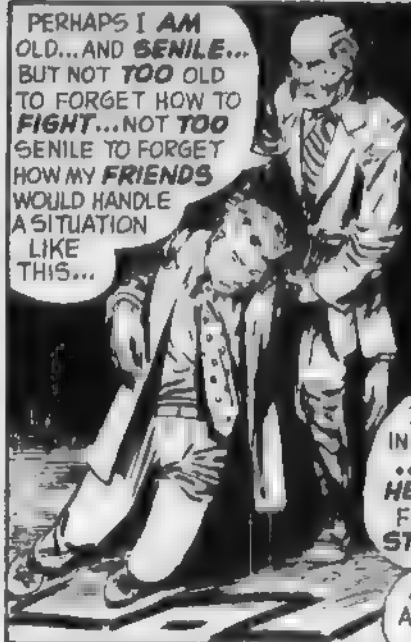


YOU MUST **REMEMBER** -- OLD LAWRENCE HAS MUCH **PRECEDENCE** SET FOR **THIS** ACT... FOR IN THE **FILMS** THE JUSTICE OF THE **INDIVIDUAL** IS FREQUENTLY MET BY TAKING THE **SCALES OF FATE** INTO YOUR **OWN HANDS**...

...THIS IS **ALL** THAT OLD LAWRENCE HAS **DONE**... TAKEN **JUSTICE** INTO HIS **OWN HANDS**...



PERHAPS I **AM** OLD... AND **SENILE**... BUT NOT **TOO** OLD TO FORGET HOW TO **FIGHT**... NOT **TOO** SENILE TO FORGET HOW MY **FRIENDS** WOULD HANDLE A SITUATION LIKE **THIS**...



I WILL NOT FLEE... I HAVE NO PLACE TO **GO**... I WILL WAIT FOR THEM TO COME IN THE **MORNING**...

...AND WHEN THEY **DO**... THEY'LL BE IN FOR A **SURPRISE**...

I **REMEMBER**... IN ALL THE OLD **FILMS** ... THE VICTIMIZED **HERO** WOULD **NEVER** FLEE... HE WOULD **STAY**... AND **FIGHT**...

...AND IT WOULD ALL **END** WELL... IN THE **END**...



KINDA **SORRY** I GOTTA SWING THIS BALL AT THE OLD PLACE... I USTA GO THERE AS A **KID** ON SATURDAYS...

...FILL MY FACE WITH **POPCORN**...

YEH... AN' IT ONLY USTA COST A **DIME**...

...NOW WHAT KIN YOU DO WITH A **DIME** **TODAY**... REMEMBER THE FIRST PICTURE I EVER **SAW**...



IT WAS A **TARZAN** FLICK... **BUSTER CRABBE** ... I REMEMBER GOIN' HOME AFTER THE MOVIE THINKIN' ABOUT THE WAY HE **SWUNG** THRU THOSE **VINES** LIKE...

...HEY...

AM I **SEEN**' THINGS?

IF YOU ARE I'M **SEEN**' THEM **TOO**...



ASSASSINS!! YOU WANT TO TAKE MY **HOME** FROM ME... TAKE **THIS** MAN'S LIFE... **HE** IS THE **MURDEROR!**

HERE IS YOUR VICTIM ... **ALREADY DEAD**... **ALREADY** A VICTIM OF HIS **OWN GREED**... YOU NEED LABOR **NO LONGER** WITH YOUR WRECKING BALLS AND **SHOVELS**... **NOT HERE**...

...GO SOMEWHERE **ELSE**... GO AND **DESTROY** YOUR **OWN HOMES**... **LEAVE ME** IN **PEACE**... IN **MINE**...





I TRIED TO WARM HIM... HE... HE WOULDN'T LISTEN!

IT DOESN'T MATTER MUCH... HE KILLED THE OWNER OF THE MOVIE HOUSE... THE LAW WOULD'VE MADE HIM PAY FOR HIS CRIME ANYWAY...

...STILL... IT'S A SHAME ISN'T IT... NOT A SOUL CAME TO SEE HIM BURIED...

...I GUESS... HE DIDN'T HAVE A FRIEND IN THE WORLD!



NO FRIENDS IN THE WORLD?... TELL THAT TO OLD LAWRENCE, OFFICERS... SOMETIME LATER THAT NIGHT WHEN A MOON HIGH IN THE WET SKY SHUDDERS AT AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT... TRY TELLING HIM THEN...



THEY TRIED TO MAKE ME LEAVE THIS WORLD...

...BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO SAY GOODBYE... TO MY FRIENDS...

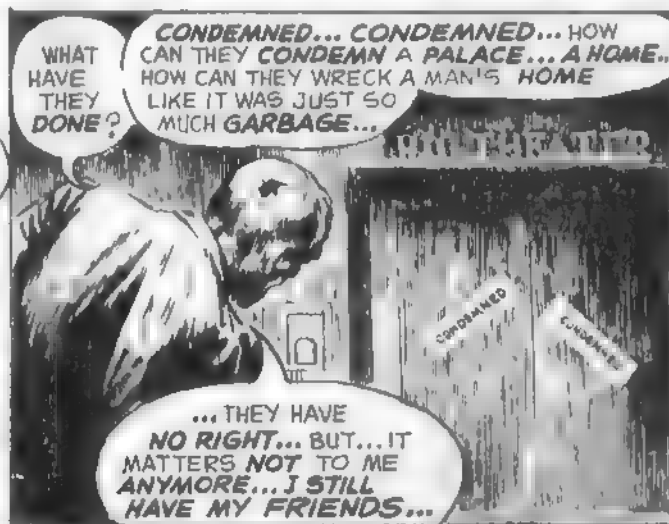
THEY DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE... BUT I KNOW THEY'LL STILL BE WAITING... THEY'LL WAIT FOR ME FOREVER...



STRANGE... I FEEL NO PAIN... EVEN THO I KNOW I'M REALLY DEAD... SHOULDN'T I FEEL SOME PAIN?...

WHEN I FELL... SMASHED INTO THE GROUND... I DIDN'T LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS...

...JUST FELT WEAK... LIKE I HAD TO SLEEP... BUT NOW I FEEL RESTED... MUST GET BACK TO MY FRIENDS...



WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?

CONDEMNED... CONDEMNED... HOW CAN THEY CONDEMN A PALACE... A HOME... HOW CAN THEY WRECK A MAN'S HOME LIKE IT WAS JUST SO MUCH GARBAGE...

...THEY HAVE NO RIGHT... BUT... IT MATTERS NOT TO ME ANYMORE... I STILL HAVE MY FRIENDS...

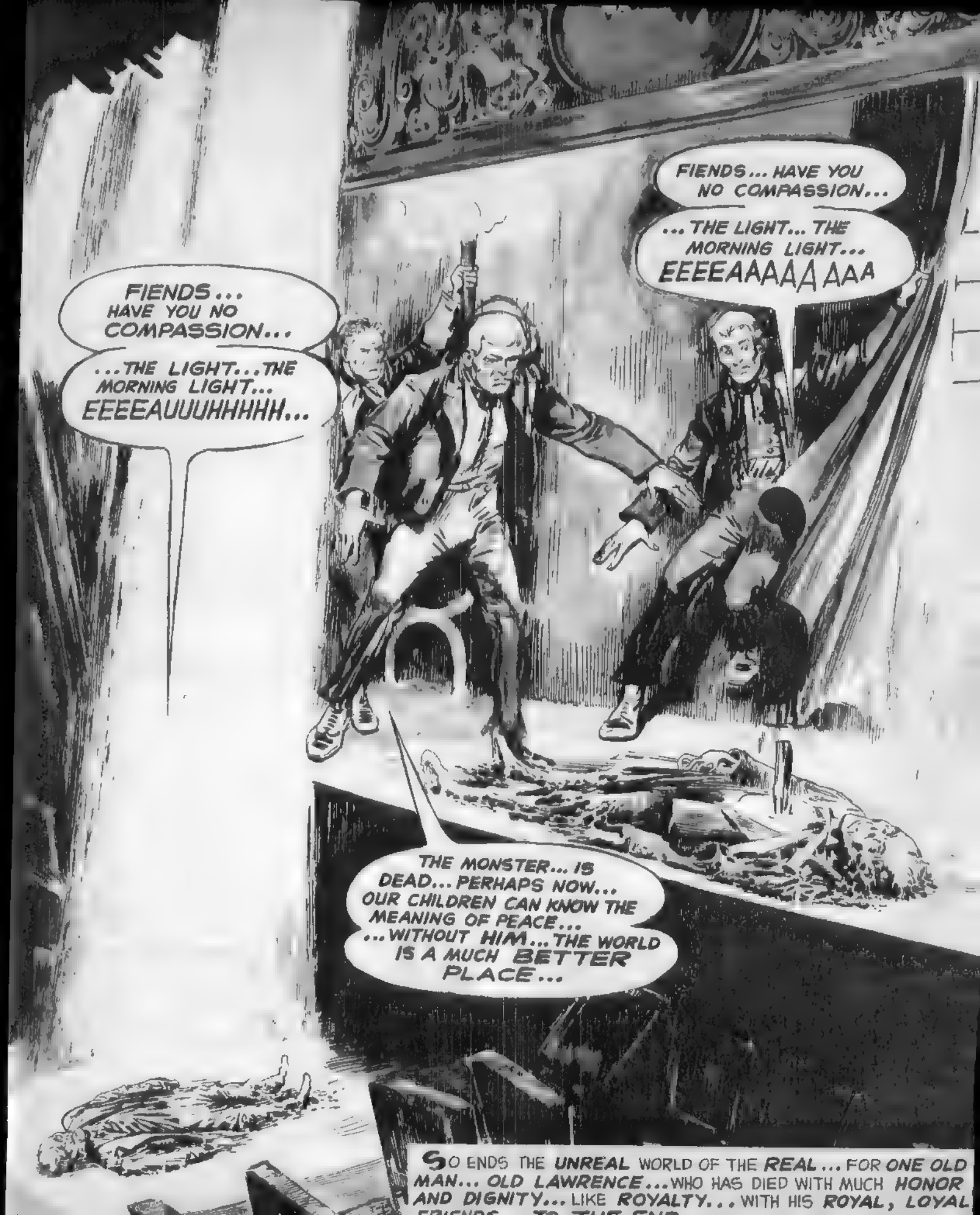


IT'S ALREADY BEGUN...

...DEAR LORD... HOW COULD YOU LET THIS HAPPEN... THE GREATEST, GRANDEST PLACE IN ALL THE WORLD...

...YOU LET THEM PUT IT TO RUIN...

...LET IT CRUMBLE TO DUST...



FIENDS...
HAVE YOU NO
COMPASSION...

...THE LIGHT...THE
MORNING LIGHT...
EEEEAUUUHHHHH...

FIENDS... HAVE YOU
NO COMPASSION...

...THE LIGHT... THE
MORNING LIGHT...
EEEEAAAAA AAA

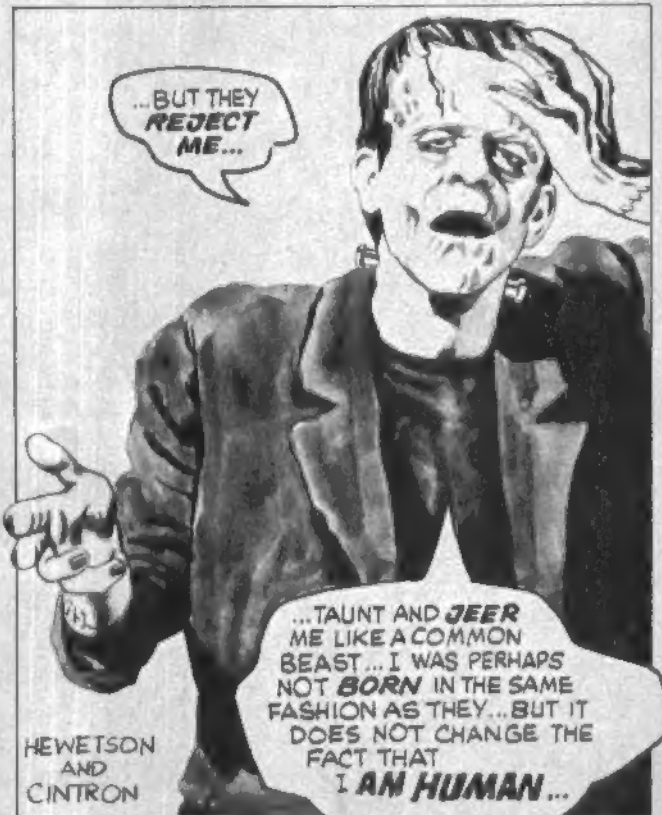
THE MONSTER... IS
DEAD... PERHAPS NOW...
OUR CHILDREN CAN KNOW THE
MEANING OF PEACE...
...WITHOUT HIM... THE WORLD
IS A MUCH BETTER
PLACE...

SO ENDS THE UNREAL WORLD OF THE REAL... FOR ONE OLD
MAN... OLD LAWRENCE... WHO HAS DIED WITH MUCH HONOR
AND DIGNITY... LIKE ROYALTY... WITH HIS ROYAL, LOYAL
FRIENDS... TO THE END

SKYWALD RE-WITES THE GREAT HORROR MOVIES ...

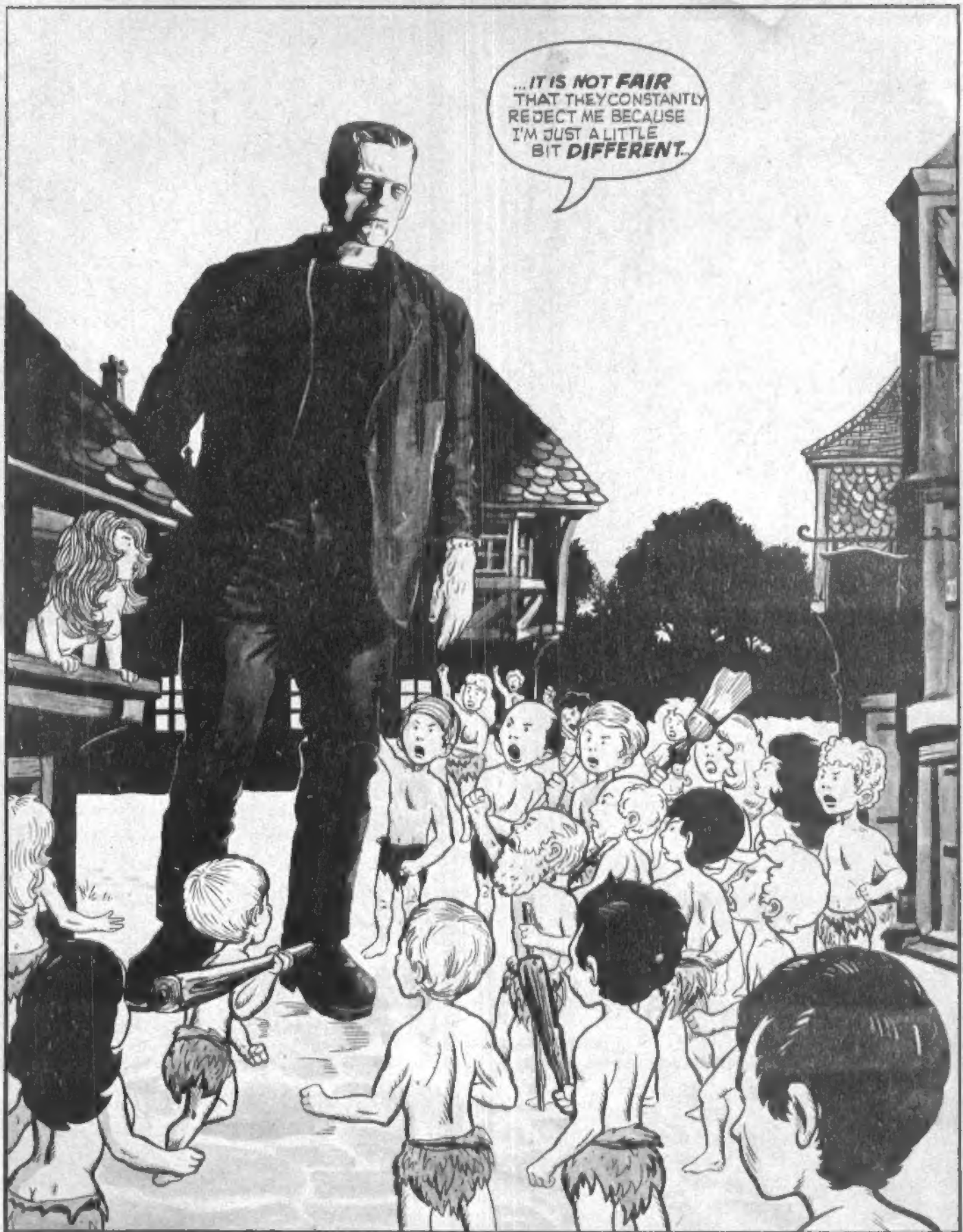
...A ROUND OF MOOD-TEAM APPLAUSE GOES OUT TO KARLOFF, CHANEY, LEE, CUSHING, PRICE AND LUGOSI FOR THOSE MAGNIFICENT-MANIACAL HORROR-GREATS THEY BROUGHT TO THE MOVIE-MACABRE **SCREAM SCREEN**... SEEMS TO US THO, THAT **NOTHIN'** ON THIS GROTESQUE GREY EARTH IS ABOVE **PARODY**... HENCE OUR LEERING SATIRICAL LOOK AT...

FRANKENSTEIN



HEWETSON
AND
CINTRON

...NOW...**FLIP THE PAGE** FOR OUR WEIRD TWIST...



...FUTURE "RE-WRITES" WILL INCLUDE A LOOK AT *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*, *THE MUMMY*, *THE RAVEN* AND *DRACULA* ... JUST A WEE BIT OF LUNACY FROM THE MOOD-TEAM WEIRDOS IN THE *HORROR-MOOD* FASHION...

In an authenticated animal encyclopedia I recently had occasion to read that sewers of certain cities in this nation today are FILLED with enormous ALLIGATORS. A few years ago it was popular to possess an infant alligator as a pet. These creatures were shipped from their EVERGLADES breeding grounds in water-protected cardboard containers through the mails to the excited buyers, usually children, who before long tired of the care necessary to protect and feed their pets. The pets, further, soon grew too large to be taken casually anymore, and in the end were deposited in mass down toilet bowls. According to the esteemed and credible report, these beasts did not at all die... but continued to live by breeding on human waste in the underground tunnels of the city... where it has been recorded — that on numerous occasions they have actually attacked sewer workers. This in no way explains the singular and awkward occurrence of August the 13th last in my home in Providence, Rhode Island, where I serve as a librarian to the adjoining township PAWTUCKET public library. Providence is a city noted for its weird and narrow and old streets... it was on those mad by-ways that I met

...IT...

...by Archaic AL HEWETSON
and illustrated by Macabre MAELO CINTRON

On this night it was very black... a hint of blue slowly walked over the moon as I myself walked, wondering over the peculiar youths I had met earlier; people of my own age but with such differing opinions to mine — given always to skepticism over macabre reports, such as the one just related of the teaming alligator community under our cities. My arguments as to the actual scientific plausibility of this report were received by mostly mockery by the group, who quite criticized my (noted) morbidity and dim and narrow attitudes. Perhaps, I tend to think, if they were given to the same physical weaknesses that I am they would understand better those attitudes, acquired, as they were, from years of torturous confinement due to my nervous nature and generally weak physical frame.

I was considering their optimism as I walked through those near blackened streets, and deep into my thoughts, failed to observe the cobblestones seem to shudder underneath my boots. I became aware of this grumbling only when I chanced to see a glitter between the stones, and bended to receive a half-dollar piece some careless person must have dropped earlier. As I reached for the coin the shuddering and bellowing of the ground came to my ears in a fantastic rush. It was frightening moments before I came to my senses to realize that the pounding might only be caused by late night-early morning sewer workers, and that I had only chanced to stand above their heads as they went unfalteringly about their dismal work.

Still, I quickened my step as I thought of the lunatic conjectures and fears that had, for a frightening few moments, filled my mind with uncontrollable dread. As I now turned onto Pine Street from Garnett Street I perceived a movement in the street just ahead of me. I struggled to keep my senses clear — but with no mistake I saw the black sewer lid directly before me SHIFT and LIFT... a movement as of something greatly disturbed seemed to grow steadily out the hole... almost gradually I became paralyzed and found I could not move my body in the slightest... I stood paranoid and frozen... only my FACE registered the expression of utter FEAR that welled up within.

As I watched, a slime covered kind of inhuman tentacle slithered up and out and groped about near my feet. The mushy slopping sound of the thing was almost horribly drowned out by the near intelligent, loud muttering of the abomination that continued to creep out the manhole weeping and clattering about and sucking the air madly. Three arms, if any man would call them ARMS, now protruded from that pit — they suddenly seemed to become attached to the ground by means of their suction cups... it was evident in their awful straining that they were PULLING something ELSE up from underneath... something unimaginable... something GOD cannot lay claim to... something even SATAN might detest in its mutant absurdity... I wanted to yell... to SCREAM


... but no sound came from within me save a quiet involuntary sob. The cover now fell away completely and the rim around the hole swelled as a mass of grey-red mutilated clear-veined FLESH slid and fell upwards... it came and it came and it came without end till it covered the street and filled in the cracks between the cobblestones and surrounded me. It was a thing with no eyes, with too many arms to be named as a mutated member of the SQUID family; it bore no semblance to anything I had ever known or heard of or read of — but I was convinced it was bred not by mere unholy accident but of utter consummate EVIL...

... it closed around me... its leering flesh gripping into my own... and only when it began to CLIMB ME did I elect to cry out the shriek that was walled within me... and when I screamed even the BEAST seemed to shudder at its mad intensity...

... I found myself unfrozen — but was completely surrounded by the thing; somehow the last shred of reason left me and I RAN ON IT... oh god... THE REVOLTING EMOTION I FELT AS I RAN ON IT... the utter MUSH of IT... I was running on fleshly absorbant quicksand that sucked at my feet and pulled and clawed and clutched and grabbed me as I ran... oh God... ran as I have never run before... ran a million steps to accomplish fifteen feet of wallowing entrenched fleshy squalor...



In an endless run I passed through a parking lot and up to Abbott Park Place, a small square bordered by businesses on 3 sides and Providence's main street on the other, where, I thank the Lord was parked a police squad car. The police accompanied me back, only after much persuasion on their part, to the scene of the mad occurrence... but no sign of the monster was found, and the officers, justified in their conclusions perhaps, merely scoffed at my exaggerated and breathless report of the abomination... There was nothing I could say, nothing I might do to persuade them that what I had reported was born of substance and not my own admittedly agitated mind. They did not even accept the proof that I offered them... the bubbling undefinable SLIME that still coated the cobblestones, and the unexplained open MANHOLE COVER that lay an incredible 20 FEET from its natural socket...



...I AM
DRACULA...

...AND VERY SOON I WILL
BE PRESENTED AS A
REGULAR **CONTINUED**
FEATURE BY THE **MOOD-**
TEAM IN THE MANIACAL
HORROR-MOOD FASHION...

...AND I LOOK
FORWARD TO THAT
MOMENT... IN
NIGHTMARE
12...

FOR THERE
IS ONLY **ONE**
DRACULA

...ONLY **ONE**...

...AND **DRACULA**
DID NOT DIE!...